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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 38. Price Ten Cents.

THE ITALIAN MINSTREL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Through the city's streets he wanders
When the piercing winds are blowing,
Or the Summer's sun is scorching—
Wanders hither, thither, knowing
Not a soul of those he meets
On the crowded city's streets.

Worn and weary, on he trudges,
With his garments old and tattered,
And his harp, his sole companion,
Like himself begrimed and battered—
But a child he seems in years,
Yet a man in grief and tears.

Blacker than the raven's plumage
Is the hair that shades his forehead,
And his eyes, so large and lustrous,
Hint of other climes, more torrid
Than our blustering northern zone,
Where by Fate he has been thrown.

Somewhere in that storied country,
Where the gracious skies are bluer,
And the blood of man is hotter,
And the heart of man is truer—
There, apart from bustling stir
Dwelt this little wanderer.

There, I fancy, balmy breezes
Played among his raven tresses,
And the sunlight smiled upon him,
And a mother's fond caresses
Made his early being seem
Rosy-tinted as a dream.

By what evil fortune driven
Is he now a wanderer, treading
In the paths where thorns are thickest,
And the shadows, overspreading,
Darken all his ways of life,
Turning peace to endless strife?

Now he stops beneath my window,
Slings his harp from off his shoulder,
And, with upturned face, expectant—
You would think him surely older
Than the child he is—he plays,
While I meet his steadfast gaze.

Does he touch the strings but crudely
With his small but stubby fingers?
Is the air he plays discordant?
Still a melody there lingers
In those strains, which never floats
From the trained musician's notes!

See the crowd unmindful pass him,
While he stands there, sadly playing;
Not of them he thinks, I fancy,
For his thoughts afar are straying,
And before his wistful eyes
Flash the soft Italian skies.

Eagerly the coin he clutches
Which I drop upon the pavement,
While he thanks me on he trudges—
How this helpless child's enslavement
Mocks the boasted liberty
Of the land we call the free!

THE LIVING MYSTERY;
OR,
THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN" Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

With voice despairing, grim and dread,
He hurls his thunder at their head.

It was Sunday morning. The storm of Friday had cleared the air, and the sun, washed brilliant by the sleet and rain and blown quite awake by the wind, shone down on Grassmere and lit up the ice-bound ways and whitened fields until they reflected his genial beams like burnished silver set with innumerable diamonds.

The little church in the dale was slowly filling, the simple villagers strolling up the cleankept gravel path in complete families, and clustering round the porch in conversational groups. It wanted ten minutes to service-time, and they were waiting for the gentlefolks to arrive, for it was a part of these simple folks' religious duty to form a line for Sir Fielding Chichester and the "people of The Folly," as the Gregsons were called, to pass through and be curtsied to, and they no more thought of neglecting it than they would have left undone any other of the few duties of their life which they had been taught from the cradle up. Five minutes to eleven, and there came the rattle of a carriage—Sir Fielding's, followed by Lady Mildred's—Sir Fielding in his dark, well-fashioned coat and frill, looking every inch a Chichester, and Chudleigh with Maud on his arm, looking as handsome as even the good people of Grassmere, who were used to good looks in their lord's family, could desire.

Carlotta, who accompanied Lady Mildred, excited much unobtrusive curiosity, dressed in her deep mourning, edged with sable and set off by her queenly form, and received as reverent a recognition as Lady Mildred, who, next to Maud, was perhaps the favorite. At the porch Maud stopped for a moment to inquire after one of the laborers' wives who had been ill, and Chudleigh, seizing the opportunity, approached Lady Mildred.

"Well, Chud., we thought you had lost your way the other night or got drowned, as you had not come to see us. I don't think Sir Fielding would have been guilty of such unpardonable neglect."

And she shook her head reproachfully. Chudleigh glanced at Carlotta.

"Had I known that you were so anxious to see me, my dear aunt, I should have ridden or walked over, without fail. Have you got settled yet? Do you feel at home?" he said to Carlotta.

"Quite," she said; "one could not be otherwise, the house is so beautiful, and Lady Mildred is so kind."

"I am glad you like the cottage," he said cavalierly. "Did you hear the storm on Friday?"

"Hear it?" she said, with great surprise. "It was terrible. We thought the house would have been swept away. The old Rectory must have suffered much, I should think. I felt a positive relief at seeing it still towering above the old trees."

"Ah, the Rectory," said Chud. "By the way, I have quite a piece of romance for you. You remember the history I told you the other morn ——"

"Come, Chud.," said Sir Fielding. "It is time to get to our pew."

So Chudleigh had to keep the story of Maurice Durant's return to tell at some future time. Scarcely had they taken their seats than The Folly carriage drove up, glittering with plated harness and magnificent liveries, and Mrs. Gregson, the son, and the two daughters alighted, accompanied by a tall, military-looking gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion and with the most extreme care, so striking the villagers by his languid manner, and filling them with admiration of his golden hair and sealskin coat, that they forgot the customary scrape, and stared as if he were some strange animal.

With much rustling of silks and satins and passing-to-and-fro of dazzling footmen bearing books and hassocks, The Folly settled down, then the mild-faced curate ascended the plain oaken desk, and commenced in the weakest voice possible to read the Morning Prayers to his "Dearly-beloved Brethren."

The prayers were finished, the Litany droned through and the Ten Commandments drearily recited, and Sir Fielding was serenely preparing to wake up for the hymn which the choir had been practicing for the whole of the week, preparatory to settling himself again for the sermon, when a half-inaudible buzz from the congregation drew his attention to the fact that the little curate, instead of marching off to the vestry to exchange his surplice, had taken his seat in one of the altar chairs, as if he had quite finished his part of the service and was prepared to rest.

Before Sir Fielding had recovered from his astonishment at the unusual proceeding on the part of the curate the vestry door was heard to close, and the next instant a figure of commanding height and bearing, attired in an old black-brown robe of time-worn silk, strode across the chancel and entered the pulpit. The whole congregation was petrified and too astonished to do aught but stare at the grand head bent over the cushion in the introductory prayer, which rang out in a deep, grave tone, as unlike in its full, rich music the good little curate's piping as the strains of a cathedral organ are to the squeakings of a church mouse. Then, when the head was raised, the villagers and gentlefolks drew a deep breath, and, fixing their eyes upon the calm, set face, stamped with a true nobility and marked by deep, heavy lines above the large, stern eyes, waited for the text all excepting those who remembered Gerald Durant and his son, wondering who it was that had come down upon them with the air of a Roman emperor and the face of a king.

Sir Fielding drew himself up and gazed round with a look of bewilderment, and, turning to Maud, who was still kneeling, her sweet face turned up towards the pulpit with an expression of wondering awe almost piteous, whispered:

"Maurice Durant!"

She did not seem to hear him, but, slowly rising from her knees as the text "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," rolled through the church, and, clinging to Sir Fielding's arm, listened to the sermon with her eyes fixed in an expression half of terror, half of awe and worship, upon the preacher's face.

What a sermon it was! Commencing in slow, measured tones, the man who had fought his way through the storm and wind sufficient to appal the stoutest heart explained the short, curt line "All is vanity," explained it with unflinching severity—a severity and harshness that were terrible in their depth and eloquence—and then, warming with his subject, poured forth upon the heads of the spellbound congregation a declamation and a denunciation so terrible in its merciless sternness, so bitter in its despair, so touching in its hopeless remorse, that when he had finished—his face lit up with an unyielding austerity that was awful in its rigid lines, and his strong, white hand resting heavily on the oaken side of the pulpit, as if weighted with a crime—every soul drew a breath of relief and shuddered as they waited for the Benediction. But they waited in vain, for with the same gesture he had used in throwing his cloak round him, he turned, and with the same firm, commanding step, looking to neither the right nor the left, descended the pulpit-stairs, crossed the chancel and was lost to sight.

Amidst a deathlike silence the little curate, white and frightened, approached the altar-rails, and in faltering accents delivered the Benediction, which Maurice Durant had either forgotten or purposely omitted.

Then the congregation hurried out to crowd the porch and path with eager and curious groups, inquiring who the strange clergyman was, to find their curiosity further heightened by hearing those who had remembered him declare that the man who had thrilled them to the heart so wondrously was none other than the long-lost Maurice Durant.

Sir Fielding, with a hurried request that Chudleigh would take charge of the ladies and a reminder that Lady Mildred and Carlotta were to dine at the Hall, hastened to the vestry in time to see the curate, still agitated and frightened, remove his surplice, aided by the old clerk, the only other person in the room.

"Where is Mr. Durant?" asked Sir Fielding.

"I don't know, sir," replied little Mr. Hawes, piteously. "He was not here when I came in. Dear me, sir, I am so startled I can scarcely compose myself. Did you ever hear such a serm ——"

"When did you know Mr. Durant was going to preach?" inquired Sir Fielding, cutting short his bleating.

"Only this morning, sir," was the reply. "I was just putting on my surplice when the door opened, and, thinking it was Mr. Price here, sir, I didn't turn round until I heard a voice—such a voice too!—say: 'Are you the curate?' I turned round pale and startled, I must confess, and said that I was. 'I am Maurice Durant, your rector,' said he. 'I wish to preach here this morning. Have you the key to that cupboard?' and he pointed to the old press where the robes are kept. I told him I had not, and was going to ask him for some proof, some further explanation; but before I could speak he walked to the cupboard and with a turn of his hand wrenched it open. Then, taking the old silk gown you saw him wear, he said: 'The hour has ceased—go!' and, too confused, Sir Fielding, to offer any resistance, I went. Oh, dear, I sincerely hope there is nothing wrong; if so, it is sure to come to the Bishop's ears."

"There is nothing wrong, Mr. Hawes," said Sir Fielding. "It is Maurice Durant who preached this morning. Make your mind easy, and remember that, however strange his manner, he is your rector;" and, without waiting for the curate's expression of thankfulness, he turned back to the carriages, which were waiting for him, passing several groups of cottagers who were eagerly discussing the mysterious event.

Entering the Hall carriage, which contained the ladies only—Chudleigh had sent Lady Mildred's carriage back to the Cottage and decided to walk—Sir Fielding, in answer to the shower of questions poured upon him by Lady Mildred, gave her an exact description of the scene at the Hall on the night of Maurice's return.

"And he faced the storm there that night," said Carlotta, with quiet astonishment. "It seemed to me sufficient to sweep a human being from the earth."

"It was terrible," murmured Maud, shuddering, and nestling against her companion. "Think, Carlotta! he fought his way to the Rectory, and slept there, in that deserted, ghostly place where his father fell dead! Carlotta, I think, I know not why, that he slept in the very room—he looked aged to-day even from two days since—aged and wan, as if he had seen some frightful sight or endured some fearful agony;" and she shuddered, uttering a low sob that alarmed her beautiful companion.

"Hush, hush, Maud," she said. "He has terrified you."

"No, no!" exclaimed Maud eagerly. "He does not frighten me. I feel for him, I—O Carlotta! think of his face, it is so sorrowful, so sad; I am sure he has suffered, suffered terribly, and I pity him so;" and she laid her face amongst the furs on Carlotta's breast.

"Poor Maud!" exclaimed Sir Fielding. "It has quite upset her. Into the drawing-room where she was playing alone he found the way, unseen by any of the servants—how or by what means I cannot understand—and appeared before her, with the rain streaming from a large cloak which he wore in a foreign fashion, and his hair blown about his head like a figure from a Raphael cartoon. He startled me so that I am not surprised at Maud being unnerved."

"Of course not. I confess that I never felt so terrified in my life as I did this morning. It was quite terrible," said Lady Mildred. "I never heard such fearful eloquence."

"One could only learn in suffering such wondrous knowledge of human passion as he displayed," said Carlotta in a low voice.

"You are right, my dear Miss Lawley, you are right," said Sir Fielding. "Heaven knows what Maurice Durant has gone through during his wanderings."

"If his history is half as mysterious as his appearance would lead one to imagine it," said Lady Mildred, "it is a sad one, Fielding."

"Aye, aye," echoed Sir Fielding, sighing.

"Is he at the Rectory still, Sir Fielding?" asked Carlotta as the carriage drew up at the Hall.

"Yes, I believe so," said he. "I sent Wilson over this morning with an invitation to dine here. I put it in the most supplicating language I could, but I do not know—ah, here is Wilson," he broke off as his valet approached the carriage. "Well, Wilson, have you been to the Rectory?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir Fielding," replied the man.

"And did you find Mr. Durant?"

"Yes, sir; I knocked several times, and, receiving no answer, was going away, especially as all the windows were as dark and the place looked as desolate as usual; but as soon as I had got down the steps I saw a tall gentleman sitting on one of the broken terraces smoking a foreign-looking pipe, and watching me quite cool and unconcerned. 'Why are you knocking?' he said. I lifted my hat respectfully, for I guessed it was Mr. Durant, Sir Fielding, and said: 'I have a letter for Mr. Durant.' He held out his hand without a word, and after reading the letter fell to smoking his pipe again, as if he had quite forgotten me. I stood silent some time, and determined to remind him with a cough. He looked up with a start, and, thrusting your letter into his pocket, said as he walked towards the house: 'Tell your master, sirrah, that I beg to be excused.'"

Sir Fielding sighed.

"Strange, marvelously strange! It is like him. I fancy I can see him at this moment walking away, and hear his foreign accent, which is the most singular I ever heard."

Maud sighed deeply.

"Papa," she said, "what will he get to eat? Will he have no dinner?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid not, my dear," said Sir Fielding. "It will not be the first time Maurice Durant has been dinnerless," thought Carlotta, for she had been used to faces that bore the half-mark of hunger; and, if she was not mistaken, she could read a story of want and privation in Maurice Durant's face.

CHAPTER VII.

There are strange creatures with manners queer,
Who crop up in our world from year to year;
Yet of them all—ah, find me, if you can,
A more offensive being than the self-made man.
LYRICS OF SOCIETY.

"The Folly" was new, so was everything in it, from the lord and master thereof to the gloomy dinner-service—carved, stamped and engraved with the Gregson crest wherever there was room to put it—and the glittering armor ranged down the hall, worn by Mr. Gregson's ancestors, who existed in any age Mr. Gledhill's imagination might select.

Mr. Gregson's manners were new too, and striking. A little, short, thickset man, with a red face, rough head of hair, and stubby iron-gray whiskers, large, lobster-hued hands, which he had a habit of banging on tables or chairs in support of an argument or to emphasize a command, he looked from head to foot that most noxious of individuals—a self-made man, who never can forget his manufacturer. Of Mrs. Gregson little need be said. She was worthy woman, who really merited better things than a life made miserable by being placed in a false position. The son, Tom Gregson, bore a strong resemblance to his father, though his manners were slightly better, and he looked something of a gentleman, though, unfortunately, somewhat of the fast school. Tom Gregson was particular about his clothes, took an interest in race-meetings and handicaps, and never omitted to back his opinion, however trivial the subject upon which he offered it; indeed, nearly all his sentences commenced or ended with "I bet you two to one," or "I'll take six to four," and like phrases, which shocked his would-be refined sisters and made his father use bad language.

Of the girls it would be scarcely fair to speak too critically. They were as well-mannered and unaffected as could be expected of them in such bad-mannered and affect-d surroundings, were tolerably good-looking, rather clumsy than beautiful, and extremely desirous of entering the charmed circle of the county aristocracy, and especially of the Hall, which stood at its head.

Occasionally Tom Gregson made the acquaintance of some smaller stars of the fashionable hemisphere, and, obeying his father's order, would invite them down to The Folly, but seldom succeeded in getting acceptations, for there was no shooting and very little fishing to be had on The Folly grounds; and, as for the hunting, the Grassmere pack was not celebrated enough to tempt a hunting man of these hard-riding, long-run days.

Sometimes, however, Tom succeeded in hooking a fish, and this Christmas was one of them, for a certain Honorable Clarence Hartfield, having nothing else to do, and feeling rather bored with his own "high-toned lot," as he termed the Earl of Crownbrilliants and the ladies of his family, had accepted Tom's invitation, and was dangling his patent-leather-clad heels and twirling his golden-hued mousche in The Folly drawing-room, rather enjoying in a quiet way the persistent toadyism of Papa Gregson and the outspoken idolatry of the Misses Lavinia and Bella.

Coming home from church with the strange sermon ringing in their ears, the Misses Gregson had, of course, burst into a torrent of chatter, in which, as usual, the Honorable Clarence Hartfield did not join, being averse to hard talking as well as all other hard work, and preferring to lie back among the soft cushions and listen with half-closed eyes. Besides which, Mr. Hartfield had another reason for silence. He was thinking—and that was a difficult undertaking for one of Clarence Hartfield's class—thinking, not of the strange sermon or the preacher, but of a certain lovely face he had seen in the little church, and wondering where he had seen it before.

So engrossed was he on this special occasion that he was quite dumb to the volley of excited questions as to whether he had ever seen such an extraordinary-looking man or heard such a singular sermon, which the mamma and daughters fired at him; and, when the gaudy equipage pulled up with a clash at the door, he lounged off to his room, and was seen no more till dinner-time, when he entered the drawing-room in exquisitely-fitting evening suit, with diamond-studs at his white wrists and flashing in his spotless shirt-front.

"O Mr. Hartfield! we thought you had gone to bed," said Miss Bella, sweeping up her silken skirts to make room for him.

"Did you?" drawled the honorable swell in a languid monotone. I did think of it, but—oh, ah, yes," dropping his eyeglass and recovering from the fit of abstraction which had seized him before he had labored through his sentence. "Oh, weally, I don't know why I didn't. Pwaps I smelt something you'd got for dinner that I thought I liked;" and he laughed spasmodically.

"A plain dinner, sir—a plain joint and vegetables, sir!" shouted old Gregson from the fire, before which he was roasting his coat-tails and adding a deeper tint to his crimson hands. "None of your foreign kick-shaws for me on Sunday, Mrs. Gregson,' says I. 'Whatever you may do on other days, let's have wholesome victuals on Sunday.'"

"O papa!" remonstrated the girls, while Mrs. Gregson smiled with vacant uneasiness.

But Mr. Gregson was not to be put down. Removing one hand from its cooking, he flourished it and continued:

"I hate the French muck I'm obliged to eat here six days a week. What with your sours with names no sensible man can pronounce, and your made dishes which nobody but an idiot would eat, I'm almost poisoned—almost poisoned." And the eminent Manchester merchant emphasized the last assertion by turning round and poking the fire with sufficient force to knock the back of a new enamelled grate out, adding to the languid Clarence:

"And I am surprised a sensible man like you, sir, can eat them."

"Ye—s, it is surpwising," said Mr. Hartfield, with deep gravity; "I agwee with you." A chorus of "O Mr. Hartfield!" "Oh, I do, weally. You don't know how fond I am of beef and mutton!"

Whereupon, just as Miss Bella had declared that she doted on mutton likewise, Mr. Tom entered and proceeded at once to join the hunt with:

"Hullo! I'll bet you what you like we've got beef for dinner."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?" roared old Gregson. "Isn't beef good enough for you? Do you mean to turn up your nose at wholesome food, sir?"

"Easy, governor," retorted Tom, thrusting his hands in his pockets and falling into a chair; "who said I didn't like beef? It's good enough, I dare say, when there isn't anything better to be got. Well, girls, what's the text?"

"Why, if you go and hear for yourself, sir?" growled the father, ignoring the fact of his own absence. "When I was your age ——"

"You were a mighty clever fellow," muttered the dutiful son.

"I thought nothing of walking ten miles to church, twice a day, too, wet or dry."

"What an appetite you must have had!" said Mr. Hartfield, chuckling.

"I had, sir. I enjoyed my meals then, and they did me good," asserted Mr. Gregson, "and sometimes I'd only a lump of cheese ——"

"Papa!" exclaimed Miss Lavinia, jumping up to stop those reminiscences of the honest past they were so anxious to bury, "there is the dinner-gong."

So they went in to the plain joint and et-ceteras, Mr. Gregson snarling on the way at a footman who happened to run against him with some vegetables.

"Mamma, did you see that the Chichesters had a stranger with them this morning," said Miss Lavinia.

"Do you mean the young lady dressed in black, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gregson.

"Yes. Poor thing!" replied Miss Lavinia. "Black did not become her, did it?"

"No," drawled the Honorable Clarence; "but don't you think she became her black?"

The girls laughed, but not very heartily.

"Really, you are so humorous," murmured Miss Bella, adding, aloud: "Do you know who she was, mamma?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Gregson. She was in Lady Mildred's carriage. Lady Mildred arrived from Paris only a few weeks ago. She brought this young lady with her, I think."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Hartfield, "I've got it."

"Got what, sir?" growled Mr. Gregson. "Not a bone down your throat, I hope."

"No, not a bone," replied Clarence Hartfield, relapsing into his lethargic state; "but—a—the clue to a pwoblem I've been endeavoring to solve all the morning. Given, a young lady's face in church, which you weognize; quewy, where did you see it?" and he chuckled.

"Have you seen her before, then?" asked Bella and Lavinia eagerly, with an almost painful curiosity.

"Yes," replied Hartfield; "on the Calais boat."

"You came over with them?" suggested Miss Bella.

"Yes," said Hartfield. "It was such fun. Ewewybody was ill excepting me," and he chuckled. "Captain said I was a bwick, which, though rather impertinent, was twue; for a fellow that can come over in one of those wretched boats without being queer must be a bwick."

"And the lady was ill?" said Bella, feeling some little consolation in the thought.

"No, she wasn't," replied Hartfield. "Not wegularly ill, you know; only squeamish—ugly word, squeamish, Mr. Gwegson—eh?"

"I don't see anything the matter with it," was the surly reply.

"O! course you did the polite—eh, Hartfield?" remarked Mr. Tom, looking up from his plate for the first time. "I'll bet any money you made yourself uncommonly agreeable," and he winked knowingly, bringing down upon himself a suppressed growl from his father, a withering frown from the girls, an "O Tom!" from his mother, and a steady stare through the Honorable Clarence's eyeglass, under which he was beaten back to his plate again.

"How singular!" said Miss Bella; "quite a coincidence, I declare. How funny it will be to meet as strangers after going through that terrible voyage together."

"We shan't meet as swangers," said Clarence quietly. "My people know Lady Mildwed—at least, I think they do—and I shall give her a call to-morrow."

Both the girls tried to smile as they said "Yes," but it was hard work, for the demons of fear and jealousy were at work within their bosoms. Were they going to have their prey taken from their nets at the very moment they flattered themselves they were hauling him up?

Dinner went rather slowly after this, an offer of Mr. Tom to bet four to one that Flurry colt would win the county handicap bringing down an outbreak of his father's volcanic language, which rang through the remainder of the course, driving the aristocrat into the smoking-room and the ladies to their place of refuge, the drawing-room, where they sat in solemn conclave, discussing with much anxiety and disquietude the projected visit of their guest to Lady Mildred, and searching their poor brains to find some means of preventing it, for they read in the Honorable Mr. Hartfield's sudden fit of abstraction the symptoms of a sudden fancy which boded no good to their hopes.

But all their little plots and plans, consisting of seductive offers of a skating-trip and a long walk on the morrow, could not induce Mr. Clarence Hartfield to give up his intended visit; and on the following morning they had the mortification of seeing him, dressed with even more than his usual care, start on his way to the Cottage.

* * * * * * *

"The Honorable Clarence Hartfield," said Lady Mildred, reading the card which a servant brought her. "Why, Carlotta, my dear, that must be the good-looking gentleman who was so attentive on board the packet. I am sure that was the name I heard."

"How strange!" said Carlotta. "Do you know him, Lady Mildred?"

"That is just what I was asking myself," said Lady Mildred. "Hartfield! Hartfield! Dear me—yes, I remember. I know his people, my dear. All right, James," and in a few minutes the Honorable Mr. Clarence Hartfield entered.

The usual salutations were gone through, and Mr. Hartfield, quite at home in a lounge-chair, was calling to her ladyship's mind several little parties at which they had met, when Lady Mildred, with her usual suddenness, said:

"Mr. Hartfield, you are quite ignoring the subject, but I must insist upon thanking you for your kindness during that frightful journey. I do not know what we should have done without you. It was strange I should not have remembered you."

"Not at all," said Mr. Hartfield, who was conversing with a great deal more life and much less languor than he displayed at The Folly, "not at all. I don't think I showed more than the tip of my nose, which is not a very weognizable feature—eh, Miss Lawley? Besides, it was so dark, and there was so much confusion, that in fact I never expected you to wemember."

And Mr. Clarence smiled with due humility; then, turning to Carlotta, he said:

"The voyage must have twied you severely; nasty twip. By Jove! I've heard fellows say that they'd sooner go to Pewu than to Pawis by water. They couldn't go by any other way, though, could they?"

Carlotta smiled; the question did not admit of a verbal reply.

"I am staying at The Folly," he continued. "Do you know the Gwegsons?"

"I had never seen Grassmore before we arrived, three weeks since," she said.

"Charming ladies the Miss Gwegsons are," said he. "Do you know them, Lady Mildwed?"

Her ladyship shook her head and smiled blandly.

"We have not met," she said significantly.

Mr. Hartfield, not a bit nonplussed, drawled on:

"That's a pity. Your ladyship would find them interwesting girls—vewy amusing, by Jove! So is Mr. Gwegson, most owiginal," and he smiled—"quite a chawacter in his way, you know."

"Yes," said her ladyship; and, anxious to change the subject, she asked after the condition of the ice.

"First-wate," replied the exquisite. "Do you skate?" he inquired of Carlotta.

"A little," she said. "I am very fond of it."

"Why didn't you say so, my dear?" said Lady Mildred. "We could have gone to the pond."

Carlotta smiled.

"I never thought of it," she said. "Besides, I had no skates."

Clarence Hartfield looked up eagerly.

"I'll tell you better fun than skating," he said; "that's sledging. It's glowious, Lady Mildwed! I have a sledge coming down from London—it ought to have been here a week ago, but the wascal forgot to send it. Will you permit me to bwing it over some day and give you and Miss Lawley a wide?"

"You are very kind," said Lady Mildred, looking over at Carlotta, across whose brow a cloud swept swiftly. "You would enjoy it, my dear, would you not?"

"Very much indeed," replied the beautiful girl, with a smile. "It would be delightful."

"Delightful! I'll bwing it!" exclaimed the aristocrat with a chuckle, rising to go. "I'll bwing it, and we'll dwive all wound the lake—eh? Ha, ha!"

He laughed with quiet enjoyment, in which Lady Mildred, immensely amused at his languid delight, joined, and Carlotta, though the cloud swept once across her brow, chimed in. Before the concert had drawn to a close, the door opened and Chudleigh was announced. He started with a slight frown—though why he should frown he knew not—at the sight of the honorable swell, but bowed courteously as his aunt made the two men known to each other. A few words passed between them on the usual topic, the weather, and then Mr. Hartfield made his adieux, muttering as he lounged towards The Folly ——

"Devoted nice girl. By Jove! wonder if she is the old lady's niece—no welation whatever, I should say from the likeness; how absurd! I mean the no likeness. And that long, big-bweasted fellow is Sir Chichester's son. Looked rather annoyed at seeing me there. Wonder if he's sweet on that girl? By Jove! she's a queen. Clarence, my boy, you're hit—you're hit, Clarence."

Meanwhile Chudleigh was trying to recover his temper and make himself agreeable.

"Maud asked me to bring you this," he said, handing a small parcel to Carlotta—"some piece of spider-spinning, as I call crochet or wool work," he added, smiling.

"No," she said, cutting the string. "It's a volume containing some engraving I want to copy," holding it out to him.

"You draw," he said, "or paint?"

"Both a little," she replied. "I am very fond of the pastime, and waste a deal of good paper and color over my fancy."

"Nonsense, Carlotta," said Lady Mildred. "Chudleigh, get her to show you her sketch-book," she added. "I am going to see the gardener, who is waiting."

Chudleigh looked supplicatingly.

"Will you show it me?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "if you would really like to see it," and, going to a bureau, she took from a drawer a small portfolio. "There they are," she said. "I am ashamed to let you see them, they are such imperfect daubs."

"Daubs!" he exclaimed, reverently taking one up and starting with something like pain, for in the beautiful sketch before him he saw the evidence of an accomplishment which added an increased lustre to the beautiful girl, who seemed already in beauty and talent far above his reach. "They are wonderful," he said quietly. "I'm no artist myself, but I feel assured that these are beautiful. Will you let me show them to Sir Fielding?"

"No, no," she said hastily, in her eagerness laying one white hand upon the portfolio.

Chudleigh looked surprised. There was something more than deprecating modesty in the frightened tone and gesture.

She noticed his look of surprise, and her face paled.

"Excuse my refusal," she said. "They would give no pleasure to Sir Fielding; they are worthless, believe me. You see, I may safely say so, although you have been kind enough to praise them, because you own that you are no artist, and, however unsuccessfully, I have been a student of art."

All this she said hurriedly and as if with the object of covering the pained "No, no," with which she had refused; but Chudleigh's curiosity, backed though it was with the reverence a growing love inspires, was too deep to be evaded.

"Why were you so alarmed at the idea of my father seeing them?" he said with a smile.

She looked at him for a moment with a strange expression in her eyes.

"If you must know," she said, "I will tell you, Mr. Chichester. These sketches are painful mementoes of a bitter, very bitter past, when I painted them and left the fellows for my daily bread. Can you guess why I should not like the records of my poverty to display themselves in the luxury of Chichester Hall?"

Chudleigh dropped the sketches and turned towards her, his face as pale as hers and lips quivering.

"Can you forgive me?" he murmured, brokenly.

At the sight of his face and the sound of his distressed voice, her own self-possession, which she had never lost for a moment, became strengthened, and, laughing lightly, she said, holding out her hand:

"Forgive you! What for, Mr. Chichester? Rather let me ask your pardon for a piece of silly sensitiveness."

He took her hand, and, pressing it with his own strong one, was about to raise it to his lips when the white fingers were calmly but resolutely withdrawn, and the next moment Lady Mildred's entrance put an end to the scene, which was not altogether a painful one for either Chudleigh or Carlotta.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Table Etiquette.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. M. MACDONALD (NIBBS).

The following hints, intended for young men who are for the first time entering fashionable society, will, if closely followed, be productive of beneficial results.

Don't joke about the food on the table. Don't whistle and beckon to the sausage. Never call the hash mystery, and above all things never ask your host when the butter had its hair cut last.

Don't eat your soup with your fork, as this is an unpardonable breach of good manners. Remember that your knife is the proper utensil.

Always eat all the contents of the table, for it is very unmannerly to fill your pockets with pie or pudding. Remember the twelfth commandment —eat all you want, but pocket none.

When you have finished eating, don't shove your chair back against the wall and put your feet upon the table. Place them carefully in the lap of the gentleman or lady sitting next to you.

If you see anything you don't want, don't ask for it.

Never put the napkin-rings or spoons into your pocket, as this is not an act of refinement, and may leave your conduct open to criticism.

Some persons use their bread to dry their plates with; this is intolerable. The pocket-handkerchief is the proper article in this emergency.

After the meal, wine is generally brought on. In assisting your nearest friend you should not use the vulgar phrase: "Well, Cully, will you have a ball?" This is ungentlemanly in the extreme. Use the elegant expression: "Sir, will you have a bulldozer?"

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON AS A LION-TAMER.

The following story of the veteran circus manager is told in *The Cincinnati Saturday Night*: Did you ever hear Uncle John Robinson tell how he once played the part of Daniel and entered the lion's den? You ought to hear him relate it. His lion performer had left him, and he had sent for a young woman who was famous for her skill in subduing the mighty king of beasts. When she reached the menagerie, however, and was introduced to the lions, she hesitated about entering the cage. Uncle John laughed at her timidity, and with his characteristic impetuosity cried: "What! afraid of a lion? Here, give me your whip, and I'll go in. I never did before, but ain't afraid of the oldest lion that lives." So John seized the whip on the impulse of the moment—if he had stopped to think he never would have done it—and, swinging open the door, sprang into the cage. The lion was lying down, with its head upon its paws, in the further corner. A couple of smaller lions were lying by his side. Slowly the lion raised his head and opened his great

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

CONSTANT READER, Allentown.—"A and C are partners, and C orders A up. Can A play it alone, according to Hoyle, and not according to THE CLIPPER?"..... In the first place, C, being A's partner, cannot order him up unless he (C) wishes to go alone. Orueing-up is otherwise the privilege of B or of D solely. C can *assist* A, or can order him *down*. Assuming that in this case C has assisted A, the next question is not easy to answer. There are two so-called "Hoyles," neither of which is the genuine, as the original Hoyle never published a line about euchre, which game he probably never saw. Which of the so-called "Hoyles" will "Constant Reader" have his bet decided by? One says that an assisted player can go alone. According to our "Hoyle," which is not to be had in book-form, neither a player who is assisted, nor one who is ordered, can go alone.

WILL URSIGER, Halifax.—The question was whether Ed Hanlan was barred from rowing at any place in the United States for money, and we repeat the answer we then made —that we know of nothing to prevent him from rowing upon any water he may feel disposed. After the regatta at Boston, July 4 last, a meeting of the committee and judges who officiated on that occasion was had, at which it was *recommended* that Hanlan be debarred from participating in all future races under the auspices of the city Government," but it is by no means certain that he will not be permitted to take part in such future races as he may desire. Besides, that has nothing to do with the question, as he is at liberty to row on the Charles River, or any other water in any race or regatta, for a stake, purse or other prize, not controlled by the city Government.

R. JOLIAT.—It was not so difficult, in times past, to solve this riddle. From twenty-five to forty years ago there were Edward Kendall, James Willis and Frank Johnson, all conspicuous as rough-and-tough players. Willis and Kendall alternated as leaders of the West Point Band; Kendall, besides, traveled everywhere, and created almost as marked a furor in Europe as here. He was conceded to be the greatest of buglers before illness overtook him. Frank Johnson was a man of color, and had a band of his own. Philadelphia asked for no better bugler than he. He had only to sound a note in the street, and up would go windows for squares around. Musicians differ as to who is the best bugler to-day, while conceding that Saxe, a native of Hanover, Germany, is the most prominent.

JACK AND GILL, Cedar Rapids.—1. They were married in Texas, Aug. 28, 1865. That was her maiden name. 2. There has been no competition whereby the question as to who is the fastest skater could be demonstrated. 3. E. T. Goodrich can probably perform a greater variety of figures than any fancy skater now before the public. 4. On Jan. 25, 1871, Ira A. Paine beat Capt. Bogardus in a match for the championship and $1,000, Paine killing 86 to Bogardus' 85 out of 100 pigeons. 5. John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y., and died at Green River Station, Wyoming Ter., of hemorrhage of the lungs. 6. No.

J. A. M., Newark.—1. If you have a cold, or are slightly hoarse, lemon-juice will afford you relief. 2. Prize fights per week-upwards, according to merit and reputation. 3. Apply to the manager for an engagement. 4. One who plays small characters, and makes himself generally useful in dramatic business. 5. Those who play nothing the best od men in plays. 6. Those who play the villains or tragic characters. 7. The salaries depend entirely upon their merits. Minstrel performers are paid weekly upon such day as the manager may elect.

NEWSPAPER, Corning.—1. You will find it in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, prefaced by some remarks upon that and other alleged great lifting feats which were generally performed (if at all) in private; or if publicly, then the weight announced by the "strong man" was accepted without any attempt being made to prove its correctness—a necessary proceeding, which in most cases could not be gone through with owing to the absence of the proper appliances for testing the weight. For these reasons they are not given a place on the record. 2. We know nothing of the party mentioned.

ATHY, Wappinger's Falls.—There is no occasion for reversing our decision. We decide upon the basis of statements made. Those statements may be fact or fiction. You present a different case if you distinctly state that you laid so to the game. C will be shut out by *duties* throwing the highest number, and the second prize to the party or *parties* throwing the next highest, if it was, to say the least, a clumsy and unintelligible way of stating it. A and C, who threw 42 each, were thus shut out from having more than one prize.

W. S. C., Detroit.—Apply to some Western manager, or the manager of a traveling company, for an engagement to play general utility. Study your profession by watching the others in the company closely, and thus you will learn what will be required of you in the higher grades of the profession. It will be useless to come to New York or to write to managers here, as they never engage amateurs or novices, or answer their letters. Waiting gentlemen get from $25 per week up hard, according to ability.

J. R. W., Somerville.—1. With your former experience you are justified in entering the profession. If you cannot get an engagement at either of the theatres in Boston, Haverhill, Lowell or Lynn, you can apply to those in Providence, Hartford or some of the smaller cities, and if you meet with success, then come to New York and try and get an opening. Ha address is No. 96 Ninth avenue.

A MEMBER, Windsor.—The fastest record we have of time made by a steam yacht was that of the Ideal when she defeated the Lotta in her 24-hour race, from Fort Schuyler, L. I. Sound, around Long Island and back to place of starting, in 1875. The winner's time was 18h. 30m. 30s., and the loser's 20h. 41m. 20s.; average speed, 12½ knots per hour.

SIDESHOW SOLICITOR, Montreal.—1. Salary depends entirely upon their merit and reputation. From $30 per week upwards. 2. As near as we can find out, the latter is considered an excellent performer. 3. Blondin is performing in France. 4. Somewhere in Canada when last heard from. 5. American. 6. $6.30 for each insertion.

N. C. P., Kingston.—It is out on his jack and game, having made sancho also. Pedro does not count before sancho, unless among those who think that fivefis higher and less than three—in fact, among the coon-jine-poker by the logic of everyday life. But A would still be out, even if pedro counted before sancho.

S. W., Newburg.—1. There are hundreds of games for which there are no published rules. Games spring up in the daylight, and die in the darkness. You will never see any printed rules for two-trick loo, unless you print them yourself. 2. Spaded is the trump. 3. Not necessarily, unless it is that player's lead.

J. C., East Canaan.—1. It has not been invented. 2. That motor is not motion, but power—a substitute for horses. 3. In the opinion of opinion, Bismarck, Edward Mollenhauer being temporarily in Europe, is probably the best.

T. H., Hamilton.—Unless it was announced, when or before the throwing began, that there were to be throws at a subsequent date, you won the watch. The chances unsold should have been thrown by the owner of the watch as he pleased, or permitted any throwing at all.

W. C. T.—1. They are two-wheeled. 2. Certainly. 3. Any carriage dealer in your city can order one from some New York house. Prices vary from $100 to $300, according to style of finish. An advertisement would procure a second-hand one for you much cheaper.

J. W. W., Baltimore.—1. We cannot spare the space to publish a list of the plays. Their titles will be given in our review of the play when orig nally produced. 2. She is a fair stock actress. 3. She has no plays. She acts whatever she may be cast for.

ROBERT ERSKINE, Lowellville.—To give you the information wanted would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject. You might address a letter to the secretary of the New Hampshire Lobsect Association, New Hanburg, N. Y.

W. A., Reading.—They would be connected by the marriage, and their claims related. The words are not interchangeable. The dispute is a vain one, because there are what is courteously termed connections or relatives by marriage, as well as by blood. A means one thing, and B another.

J. A., Brooklyn.—1. Except when assistance is specifically barred, a player can assist his partner without himself going alone. Pairs and nine points are not "ordered" in the game in which an assistance is barred. 2. Playing with the joker is not euchre. Rule in what respect as to the joker?

DON, Port Huron.—Dan Eldred beat Young Ladds, at Andrew, Ia., 82r., 1h. 46m., foul, Dec. 29, 1869; beat an Unknown, near Chicago, Ill., 7r., 22m., Aug. 17, 1870; and Billy McCauley, near Wyandotte, Mich., May 9, 1872. The letter addressed to him in care of this office will probably reach Eldred.

H. D. S., Feeswater.—1. Tom Sayers' regular fighting weight was 152lb. He is said to have scaled 10lb when he met Heenan. Jim Mace used to fight at 150lb. His weight when he fought Coburn in Mississippi was given as 165lb. 2. The subscription price of THE CLIPPER is $4 per annum, including postage.

MUSICAL.—No The law only refers to performances which endanger the health or life of the child. 2. Salary would depend entirely upon the talent and reputation of the performer.

P. R.—1. One point. 2. C would be entitled to two, had he euchred a. 3. A would have been entitled to four, had he the tierces. 4. The same five tricks would have given C but two.

F. J., Trenton.—No answers by mail. Any decision of ours would be final, unless asked for by both parties. All we can say is that McClellan did not get 7,000 majority, as that word ordinarily means in such a case.

C. L. H.—Mrs. F. B. Conway died in Brooklyn, E. D., April 6, 1875. Performances were given in the Brooklyn Theatre during the week in which she died. "The Two Orphans" had been in the last previous attraction.

INQUISITIVE.—1. Barney Williams played at his last engagement at the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia. 2. Yes; he began an engagement there in that play Dec. 13, 1875, which terminated Dec. 28.

CAPT. PRINK, Republic.—Having become rusty on that subject, we must let the question stand over until our next issue. 2. High—ace. 3. Tom Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham.

H. B. M., San Fra cisco.—B wins. The 18 feet which A undertook to jump does not include the run; in other words, A had to clear 18 feet in a running broad jump, and, failing to do so, lose.

GOAT HILL, Newark.—No man ever walked a mile, fair heal-and-toe, in this country, inside of 7 minutes, prior to 1877. The party you name may have advertised to do it, and it may have been reported that he did it; but the statement was erroneous.

S. H. H., Phila.—1. Wash the affected parts daily with carbolic soap and tepid water. If that should not have the desired effect, rub the parts daily with one drachm of pure carbolic acid and two ounces of pure glycerine mixed. 2. We will send a book.

TOMMY DODD.—No; sailors' wives are not allowed to live on board British men-of-war. A sailor is credited with having a wife in every port, and this, of course, would not be fair to the Government. You know how it is yourself.

MANY READERS, Newark.—1,000,000,000,000,000,000 and 1,000,000,000,000 times greater is a trillion. A billion in French is but a billion according to the English system.

C. J. S.—A business firm have no legal right to open a letter addressed to an employe in their care; and if the letter had passed through the mail, they would be liable to the penalty prescribed in the United States statutes.

D. D., Fort Russell.—The Philadelphia Paid Fire Department went into operation at six o'clock P. M., March 15, 1871. The ordinance creating and approving it was signed by the Mayor on Dec. 29, 1870.

H. S., San Francisco.—1. Tommy Chandler and Dooney Harris fought at Point Isabel, Cal., April 13, 1867. 2. Harry Lazarus and Denny Horrigan fought at Point Abino, Canada, June 10 and Oct. 10, 1857.

CONSTANT READER, N. Carlisle.—It is purely a matter of opinion. Lotta has played Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" frequently.

T. B., Lowell.—There *is* a County of New York in the State of New York. In point of population, it is the largest county in America.

POOL, U. S. Navy yard.—C can claim pool as soon as it is his turn to play again. Should anyone else meanwhile make a claim pool, C will be shut out by the rule.

W. H. R.—The dealer having discovered the error before a trump was turned, and C having raised his cards, the deal goes for naught. A deals again.

GREENROOM, Pawtucket.—1. A man can win who bets on a sure thing. 2. Four aces are high at bluff, unless it has been specially agreed upon to play straight flushes.

W. W. W., Reading.—A and B win everything. It is not necessary for them to shoot off. C is simply third-best shot, and is entitled to nothing.

G. J. F. J., Kingston.—No; A makes one point. 2. Having been ordered up, B could not play alone and gain anything by it.

AMATEUR, Belle Plaine.—Apply to some circus-manager for an engagement, and get some of the professionals whom you refer to to recommend you.

W. D. S., Whitehall.—"The Black Crook," when originally acted in Niblo's Garden, this city, ran 474 times; "The White Fawn" 175 times.

PERFORMER.—1. Letters and papers sent to him in care of this office will reach him. 2. They are sent to the Dead-letter office, Washington, D. C.

No. 3, Baltimore.—1. You need pay no attention to them. 2. Cannot say. We are under the impression that they are not made in this country.

C. A. ATKINS, New Haven.—You neglected to state in either letter what sort of a club it is; consequently, we cannot make a notice, as requested.

A. J., Tarrs.—The distance you give has been beaten both here and in England. How was the jump measured?

LIVERY BOY, New Haven.—2:14 is the fastest record. What is not of record is not time at all.

M. R., Council Bluffs.—He owes the place service, and can be made to pay up if ever caught within its limits.

CONSTANT READER.—If he will acknowledge that he was betting on Newell alone against McClellan, you will win.

H. D. V., Saugerties.—Having made the nine he gave, G goes out on his hand.

J. W. M., Yonkers.—The President has no jurisdiction in such a case. The Governor alone can pardon.

J. C. K., Martinsburg.—We have advertised your letter for the person inquired after.

C. P., Boston.—He is living in retirement in this city. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach.

DECLINED—"Little Old Cot." "The German Candidates."

N. P., Jersey City.—Yes; they will appear in the Christmas issue.

J. W. D., Pueblo.—He cannot draw out and claim anything.

M. K.—The cards running 3, 1, 2, 3, there are two runs of threes. The first man is right.

J. S., Brooklyn.—All the cards being out, the player must take every trick that he can.

G. H. D. C., Reading.—It is out of print. Such works become worthless unless they are revised each year.

F. H. M., Easton.—He was performing in the Olympic Theatre, this city, the last week.

C., Guelph.—It is no bet.

C. M., Bridgeport.—1. Pier 20, East River. 2. No settled day. 3. Address C. H. Mallory & Co., 153 Malden lane, this city.

L. E. Y., Chicago.—We do not remember. About 13,000. It is of no account, any run made in that way. It was not even a record for its maker.

SANCHO, Paterson.—S, with his sanche. The nine ranks the five. You prove that by calling the game sanchopedro.

HARLEM.—Of almost any bookseller. It is one of Jules Verne's works, all of which can be got for about $2.50, and almost any one of which (or from 10 to 50 cents.

ANDY SPORT, Jr., Oil City.—No one can conscientiously decide the bet. No horse has ever trotted a mile in less than 2:14. What a horse can do is another matter.

S. G. M., Texarkana.—We know nothing about the domestic relations of the gentleman. If we should learn anything, will answer next week.

EUGENE W.—1. Julia Dean made her debut when she was ten years old. 2. She came of theatrical stock, and that particular appearance was made from choice.

WINNING HAND, Halifax.—When there is a call at poker, all hands concerned in the call must be shown to the board.

FRED W., Elizabeth.—No arithmetic that we have ever seen makes a barrel out of three bushels. A barrel is not of dry measure.

F. H.—The seven-spot counts as soon as made, and it put A out. It was not necessary for him to take a trick in order to claim game.

X. Y. Z., *City Station.*—Narragansett Park was opened July 31, 1867. It was only used that season as a race-course, being subsequently devoted to trotting.

T. KELLY, Bedford.—Address a letter to him in care of John Cox, 46 Eliot street, Boston. 2. We never heard of his having done so, and don't believe he did.

INQUIRER, Oswego.—He was wrong. The people annoyed him by their applause, and not by their hisses.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—The Maid's best time is 2:14.

C. C. J., Charlotte.—Have not got it. If sent to Augusta, a letter might reach him.

JACK POT.—If he is not called, he need only show what he pleases last week.

THOS. BUDLOW, New Albany.—Sam Collyer never defeated Billy Edwards.

CONSTANT READER.—We cannot, nor can anyone else.

J. W., Chicago.—A could call himself out on the sweep.

NO SIGNATURE, Raleigh.—If C did not run, the bet is off.

E. S. SMITH.—Sorry we cannot send later than Nov. 3.

G. B., Cincinnati.—Yes; Comyns sent to Sing Sing.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—We have already published them.

H. C. H., Phila.—Twenty-three, if he has any to make.

P. S., South Brooklyn.—A and B take four moneys.

G. A. B., Boston.—See "Webster's Dictionary."

LOSING HAND, Halifax.—See "Winning Hand."

T. J. SEARLES.—There is a party by that name.

S. B., Chicago.—The six is the best on the dice.

COMMODORE, Elizabeth City.—We do not know.

HAYMARKET, San Francisco.—That is a sweep.

L. W. R., Cadiz.—Await the official returns.

DOBBS.—"The Tramp" shall have a show.

E. S.—It is pronounced in three syllables.

W. E. A., Chicago.—Twenty-four hours.

B. C., sixty poker-ites.—Yes.

N. U.—F was out when he claimed out.

ASTORIA.—On that statement, you win.

M. F. C.—Yes. See answer to "N. U."

H. B., Andrew H. N. Wheeler.

M. M.—If B threw but 34, M loses.

A. HEETHER.—It is still here.

E. AND B., Louisville.—Both.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Those desiring to insert advertisements in this issue of THE ALMANAC will please bear in mind that copy should be marked before Dec. 18. See rates in advertisements.

NEWSDEALERS can order their supplies through their wholesale agents.

FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860. 88 and 90 Centre street,
NEW YORK.

TENDERLY we make the admission that of the many funny writers on the press at this day, very few of us succeed as playwrights or lecturers. Since the decease of the late A. Ward, not more than one of us has made his mark as a comic lecturer, and modesty forbids that we should name that glorious exception.

EX-COMPTROLLER CONNOLLY, having kindly confessed judgment, and thus saved us the expense of trying and convicting him, we are all now making search for the eight millions, that being the amount of the judgment. Should the money be found, due notice of the same will be given through the public prints.

RAFFLING for the festive turkey is now in order. "Our Jim" took a hand-in a few nights ago, and though it cost him three dollars and a quarter to get out; but he yanked the turkey.

IT NOW seems to be admitted that three beds do *not* constitute a hotel with drinking privileges; and hundreds of three-ply proprietors are anxious to ascertain what *does* fill the bill.

IF THE NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS in Philadelphia could be erected alongside of each and every newspaper office in that city, there would be no further opposition to their completion.

IT HAVING been ordered that no more liquors shall be sold in the Capitol at Washington, in Congress adjournments will be more frequent.

CONGRESS has resolved to keep holiday from Dec. 15, 1877, until Jan. 10, 1878. This is deserving of another national thanksgiving.

ANOTHER Chicago bank has collapsed, and a few more left of the same sort.

SENATOR CONKLING'S favorite ballad just now is, "Evarts, of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

It was a touching scene when, in a court of justice in this city the other day, an old man, who had held many positions of honor and trust, stood up to hear the stern sentence of the law pronounced upon him. Neither age, nor wealth, nor respectability could save him from the punishment which justice demanded; and so Robert L. Case, a man who has well-nigh reached the allotted term of life, who has enjoyed the advantages of money and education, enters upon a five-years term of imprisonment. Instances like this are not without a parallel in these later days. They carry with them a lesson which it were well to heed.

If sympathy held the scales of justice, crime would rarely meet with the punishment it deserves. Sympathy is apt to go out towards the convicted felon, even where his offense is of the gravest nature, and where the offender himself is utterly depraved. Much more does it go out to those who, having once enjoyed the confidence and respect of their fellows, fall into evil ways. But it is well for the safety of society that sympathy has no part theoretically at least, in the administration of law. Else a tear would too often turn the scale against unimpeachable evidence of guilt. A man who enters upon a path of crime is more to be feared if he possesses talents and intellect. His opportunities for doing mischief are increased precisely in proportion to his mental activity. The short-haired ruffian, who sometimes cuts a throat, is really a less dangerous character than the respectable villain who attends church and drops into the plate a contribution stolen from the poor. The greatest crimes on the world's calendar have been committed by these smooth-tongued Pharisees. There might be murder and robbery and rape where the criminal was simply an ignorant brute; but treason and fraud and forgery are the outgrowth of educated minds. The law generally succeeds in mastering the Jack Sheppards, but its hand is sometimes paralyzed when reaching out to grasp the Aaron Burrs.

The belief seems to have prevailed in this country, for many years back, that money and position can save a man from the penalty of crime. Such a belief was certainly strengthened by the records of the courts. In this city, especially, it appeared at one time an impossibility to convict a man who could command money or political influence. Tweed's memorable words were caught up and echoed by all who felt the shadow of justice falling over them: "What are you going to do about it?" One may read an answer to this inquiry in the events of the past few weeks. Gilman, in the cell of a prison, stands as a conclusive reply. Case, dressed in the garb of a convict, offers a satisfactory answer. It is doubtful whether either of these men could have been convicted a few years ago. The fact that to-day both are under sentence of imprisonment should awaken profitable reflections in the minds of those who are treading in the paths they trod. First of all, it would be wise to remember that dishonesty never pays. Dropping from consideration all higher motives, there is still abundant reason why a man who governs his actions simply with an eye to temporal advancement should be upright in his dealings. In no other way can any permanent success be achieved. "Honesty is the best policy" conveys a doubtful moral lesson —inasmuch as honesty should not be made a matter of policy at all—yet there is a good deal of worldly wisdom in the maxim. Better to be honest from a sense of policy than not to be honest at all. Another thing which it were well to remember is, that crime cannot be concealed. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred who yield to temptation deceive themselves into the belief that they will escape detection. They ought to rid their minds, once and for all, of that delusion. Crime in the long run is sure to be found out, and anybody who deliberately enters upon a crooked path with the idea that he can cover his tracks deceives only himself. A third fact which ought to be kept in mind is, that the time has come when the cloak of piety will not shield a man from punishment. Neither will money, nor social standing, nor the influence of distinguished friends. The bank president who uses the funds entrusted to his keeping must take his chances along with the burglar who breaks open the vault. That fine distinction between "embezzlement" and "theft," between "appropriating" and "stealing," is becoming obsolete. Hereafter villainy, whether arrayed in a woollen shirt or a broad cloth coat, may expect to meet with its just deserts. While, therefore, the conviction of such men as Gilman and Case affords an example which will be apt to prove wholesome in its effects, they are still examples fraught with much that is sad. The fall of any man who has once enjoyed the respect and confidence of the world is a sight which calls for pity. It serves to remind us of the weakness of human nature, and the many temptations by which we are beset. And, while we profit by these examples, it ill behooves us to exult in the downfall of others.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Dec. 3: The President's message was sent to Congress.....A gravel-train on the Lake Erie and Louisville Railroad was wrecked near Fostoria, O.....The conductor was killed.....William Bogne was murdered at Saybrook Point, Ct., by one Mahoney.....Holmes Pairn was crushed to death at Mifflin, Pa., by a cask of insulators falling upon him.....The regular session of Congress opened.....Fourteen of the fourteen Spanish patriot moneys.....Fifty-four years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine the sentence pronounced upon the colored murderer, Wm. Smith, at Chicago.....The miners in the Victoria coal mines, Cape Breton, struck.....Capt. White of the schooner Hawk was arrested at Halifax on suspicion of wrecking his vessel.....City news: Tweed testified in the Ingersoll suit; Louis Schultz, the paternal affection he evinced during his brother Rudolph with a dirk; Leonard Kirsel was found dead in the hallway of No. 97 Ridge street; because he had quarreled with his sweetheart, Charles Schmitz of Sixth avenue swallowed poison and died—all for her; Dr. Thomas S. Lambert was begun; the families of twenty-five Italian cigar-makers were ejected from tenements; while the anchor of the steamship Spain was being dropped at Quarantine, a part of the chain struck Wm. Garson, killing him instantly; Bell, the tailor, was adjudicated a bankrupt—bad investments!.....James Devlin, aged 17, pleaded guilty to manslaughter in a Brooklyn court.....A bridegroom in Oberlin graveyard was found in the dissecting-room of a Cleveland, O., medical college.....The Turkish Army was suffering for want of food; MacMahon showed a disposition to weaken; Gen. Grant went to Marseilles.....Fires: A brick building on Fulton street, Brooklyn—loss $8,000; the building of Arcadia College, Wolfville, Newfoundland—loss $20,000; Hoadley's carriage-wings' paper-mill at North Bennington, Vt.—loss $10,000; the Congregational Church at Owego, N. Y., with a house adjoining—loss $14,000; Alexander J. Van Eps' barns at Rotterdam, N. Y., with three horses —loss $10,000.

*** Dec. 4: Fresh depredations by the Indians were reported.....In a dispute growing out of a four-dollar board bill, Charles Notter murdered Charles Pearl, at Cleveland, O.....During the funeral service in a Norfolk, Va., church, a panic occurred, owing to a false alarm of fire.....Troops were ordered to the Rio Grande.....Adam Douglass was killed on the Erie Railway, near Hoboken, N. J.....By the burning of the steamer Lotus, for New Orleans, ten lives were thought to have been lost.....Edward Conigland, a prominent lawyer of North Carolina, was killed while walking on the track of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, near Halifax, N. C.....Twenty cars were wrecked on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.....While attempting to cross the Mississippi River in a skiff, near New Orleans, five negroes were drowned.....City news: Richard B. Connolly consented to a verdict against himself of over $8,000,000; Edward A. Maurice, a lawyer of wealth, committed suicide by shooting; Police captain Lowery was called upon to answer to the charge of drunkenness; the Vanderbilt will case was renewed; the Board of Health decided not to prosecute Julius Kircher, who cremated his child; John Farley, aged 7, was run over by a Tenth-avenue car and fatally injured; William Renfrew was assaulted by a gang of roughs on the Bowery, at whom he fired two shots; Stanley D. Little while suffering from delirium tremens threatened to kill the inmates of his boarding-house with an ice-pick.....By cable: Information was received of the loss of the Pacific steamship Atacama off the coast of Chili—seventy-two lives were reported lost.....Fires: Eight of the principal business-houses and two dwellings at Athens, O.—loss $60,000; the bridge across the Scioto River, near Chillicothe, O.—loss $50,000; Hoadley Son's carriage factory at Lambeth, Ont.—loss $12,000.

*** Dec. 5: The Court of Inquiry, appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, began its investigation into the causes of the Huron disaster.....E. P. Boas, late cashier of the Reading, Pa., Savings-bank, was arrested.....Charles E. Williams, a Chicago bank clerk, raised a ten-dollar check to $6,500 and departed.....The steamer George Shattuck arrived at Halifax with the crew of the wrecked steamship Strathtay.....Burglars round about Rondout.....Rev. Joseph Wild's Church, of Brooklyn, refused to let the Plymouth brethren hold a conference in their edifice.....Jacob Rehm, whose connection with whiskey was said not always to have been straight, was acquitted by a Chicago court.....An election of members for the State Legislature was held in Georgia.....City news: Minister-to-Russia Soughton sailed on the steamship Scythia; an unsuccessful effort was made to rob J. B. Dunkley of the proceeds of a horse sale; Capt. Lowery was dismissed from the police force; Catherine Wilde gave her nine-year, old daughter poison, and took it herself with fatal results; Francis Copcutt, a wealthy importer, was found dead in his Fifth-avenue apartments; the cigar-makers organized an association for making cigars on the co-operative plan; a run was made on the National Trust Company; Peter B. Sweeny declined to testify before the Aldermanic Committee; a writ of error was granted in the case of Case; Assemblyman-elect Astor gave a reception to the Republicans in his district.....By cable: The Turks claimed to have captured Elena; intelligence was received of the wreck of the steamer Hibernia; the Pope was better.....Henry Steele was run over and killed at the Hackensack Bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad.....The Chief of the Bayonne, N. J., police was forced to resign because he gambled.....A number of buildings at Sydney, Neb., were destroyed by fire, and D. E. Simpson was burned to death while attempting to save property.

*** Dec. 6: Gen. Ord reported that nearly 7,000 Mexican troops were gathering on the frontier.....Ellen Ryan of the Black Country was buried on Boston.....The Senate confirmed J. B. Hawley as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.....Mrs. John Riley of Elizabeth, N. J., poured scalding water on a girl, inflicting fatal injuries.....By the fall of a house in Brooklyn, Michael Callahan was killed.....Two desperate attempts were made to get prisoners on the Black Country train to escape.....Ex-member of Congress John H. Burleigh was killed at South Berwick, Me., by his horse sheering off a bridge.....The schooner Gen. Connor was wrecked off Amityville, L. I.....An attempt was made at Barrington, Mass., to lynch Ten Eyck the murderer.....Constable McElligott of Chicago was murdered by Alvina McKee, upon whom he called to serve a warrant.....The Executive Council of Massachusetts commuted the death sentence of Albert Joy to imprisonment for life.....For the twelfth time Thomas A. Doyle was elected Mayor of Providence, R. I.....City news: Several hundred liquor-dealers were arrested; Police-captains Foley and Ward were placed on trial; Greenebaum Brothers & Co. suspended, with liabilities amounting to $250,000; the St. Nicholas Society dined at Delmonico's; the cigar-makers celebrated the opening of their co-operative factory by a street procession; an unknown man fell in a fit in Catherine Ferry and died; the ball of the Alliger Brothers was reduced; the Chamber of Commerce listened to a eulogy upon Moses H. Grinnell.....Sugar to the value of $30,000 was seized by the Custom-house officers in Brooklyn.....By cable: The steamer Mispah collided with an unknown vessel in the English Channel, and both sank in fifteen fathoms of water; the ball of the Exhibition Building at Berlin was burned; Lord Beaconsfield announced the loss of 1,800 men in their recent defeats; the Turks impressed the street-car horses for the army.....Fires: Cochran & Fulton's whiskey warehouse at Louisville, Ky., in which 3,000 barrels of whiskey were destroyed—loss about $200,000; McDermitt & Tooker's furniture factory at Newark, N. J., partially destroyed—loss $10,000.....The Tax Collector of Pike County, Pa., was arrested for embezzlement.....C. M. Runk, ex-Treasurer of the Allentown, Pa., School-board, was locked up for misappropriating public money.

*** Dec. 9: Pauline Stricker, a pretty Philadelphia girl, found dead while preparing to leave her house for church.....At Grand Tower, Ill., Charles Mulrich killed his wife and then blew his own brains out.....F. A. Seely, chief clerk in the Patent-office, was knocked down in Washington and robbed.....Two valiant Irishmen in Philadelphia fought a duel.....Officer Bock of the Newark police force was badly beaten while attempting to make an arrest.....City news: The difficulties of obtaining a drink were unusually great, and yet over 500 liquor-dealers were arrested; the schooner Joshua Grindle reached the city, having lost five men by yellow fever; Officer Englis rescued George Davis, who had fallen into the East River; Charles Rutter and Stephen O'Brien fought with knives in Chatham street, O'Brien receiving a dangerous wound; Christopher Cullage of Carmine street saved from his salary of $3 a week enough to buy a dose of poison, which he swallowed; James Munroe fractured Anne Wilson's skull with a pitcher.....Two trains collided at Shelby Junction, O., smashing a number of cars.....The flow of beer was not stopped in Newark, N. J..... By cable: It was reported that Bismarck wanted to resign; no news of the steamer City of Berlin.....Fires: A barn near Hackensack, N. J., in which perished the stallion Hyperion, valued at $20,000, and other valuable stock; stables and two stores at Lewiston, Me.—loss, $12,000; the building No. 5 Leonard street, this city, damaged to the extent of $3,000; farm buildings and stock belonging to Mary P. Burgess, near Trenton, N. J.—loss $6,000.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANSON, Augustus Henry Archibald—A former lieutenant-colonel in the British Army, upon whom the Victoria Cross was conferred for bravery. He was for many years a member of the House of Commons, and took an active part in the discussion of military questions—Cannes, Nov. 17, aged 42.

ALDRIDGE, George W.—A prominent citizen of Rochester, N. Y. He was a Mason of the thirty-third degree—there, Dec. 8.

BARNES, Chauncey—An eccentric character, well known in Philadelphia. He was a spiritualist, a "doctor," a peace advocate, and at one time a hermit. He traveled all over the country, and acquired notoriety, if not fame. At one time, during a session of Congress, he attempted to make a speech—having gained admittance to the floor—and, after being ordered to be arrested by the Speaker, was released. In 1874 he addressed a communication to President Grant in favor of employing the United States navy to catch codfish for the benefit of the poor. In 1876 he was a candidate for President, Mrs. Caroline Brockland of California being the candidate for the vice-presidency. He professed to be controlled by the spirit of George Washington—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 6.

BLEDSOE, Albert T.—A distinguished minister and former professor in the University of Virginia. At the time of his death he was editor of the *Southern Review*—Alexandria, Va., Dec. 8, aged 68.

BREBAN, John J.—A native of San Domingo, but for many years a resident of Philadelphia. He was at one time a member of the firm of Breban & Seligniac, and of late years a broker. He was the author of a set of interest tables, prepared for ready calculation, which had a large sale. He was also one of the original "State Fencibles" in 1812—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 3, aged 85.

BREECE, Sullivan D.—A veteran of the Mexican War, in which he obtained the rank of captain. He formerly kept a restaurant in Philadelphia—Oro City, Cal., Nov. 16, aged 62.

BANCROFT, William—A veteran of the War of 1812, and a cousin of Bancroft the historian. He committed suicide by hanging—Messena, Nov. 25, aged 87.

BURLEIGH, John H.—President of the South Berwick, Me., National Bank, and prominent in political affairs. He followed the sea for a number of years, and afterwards became engaged in manufacturing. He was elected to the Maine Legislature in 1862, and served three terms. He was also elected to Congress. He was accidentally killed by his horse's sheering off the bridge over the Salmon Falls River—South Berwick, Me., Dec. 5, aged 55.

BATES, Charles—A prominent business man of Kalamazoo, Mich.—Aiken, S. C., Dec. 6.

BARTH, Jean Baptiste Phillippe—The distinguished French physician. He took his degree in 1837, and began practice in the Hotel-Dieu, of which he afterwards became chief surveyor. He stood at the head of his profession, and was the author of a number of valuable books, among which is a "History of Cholera," published in 1849—Paris, Dec. 4, aged 65.

BETHMANN, Moritz Alexander—Head of the Frankfort banking-house of Bethmann Brothers —Frankfort, Dec. 4, aged 66.

BIXBY, Wingate—A Boston merchant, who was prominently identified with the Masonic order—Nashua, N. H., Dec. 1, aged 62.

BALDWIN, D. A.—Formerly president of the West Wisconsin Railroad. He committed suicide by hanging—New Durham, N. J., Dec. 2.

CANCHON, Madame—Wife of Lieutenant-governor Canchon, of Winnipeg, Man.—there, Dec. 6.

COPCUTT, Francis—A wealthy dealer in veneers of this city. He had traveled extensively, and was the author of several books and pamphlets. He was one of the founders of the Union Club. He was discovered dead in his room—this city, Dec. 5, aged 58.

CAZIN, Professor—A professor of physics in one of the colleges of Paris, and an active member of the Physical Society. He was sent by the Academy of Sciences to the Isle of St. Paul to make observations during the transit of Venus—Paris, Dec. 4, aged 40.

DAVID, Henry R.—An old Norfolk merchant. He was one of the founders and first directors of the Fifth National Bank, and was also a member of the Corn Exchange. For three years he served as president of the Tammany

TURF.

AL ASSOCIATIONS.
f the National Association of held in this city on Dec. 6 previous celebrated the oc- nnion's Most of the promi- k in the United States were long them being Messrs. N. Y.; H. C. McDonnell of ton or Newburg N. Y.; Ed nty, N. Y.; Alden Goldsmith J. Morgan and W. A. Buck- The election of officers for n proceeded with, Col. Mc- nanimously chosen as presi- cilning a re-election to the s chosen first vice-president, e, second vice-president, A ing meeting in 1878 be held gton, Ky., moved by the sec- ed down, and a motion that be the favored locality was 7. So far, every thing had motion made by Major Mor- ociation of Trotting-horse Trotting Association was nbshell into the assembled form at once. Messrs. Gold- were in favor of the resolu- acker and Morton (who was on) spoke with much warmth n both sides were strong and came apparent that the two erms, and neither would ac- establishment across the Clark Bell moved to lay the the moment this was adopted with the last, landing on the side of Mike's head, but got as good as he sent, Jim going down on his seat, and Mike striking him on the mouth while in that position. A foul was claimed by Jim's friends, and it began to look as though there would be a general fight. While the fuss was going on, a table upon which some persons were standing broke down, and the cry of "Police!" put all hands on a run, some heading for the front doors and some jumping through the rear windows, quickly clearing the room of nearly 150 persons. The individual having charge of affairs very wisely shut the doors, and put an end to the mill, which was decided a draw.

HICKEN ACCEPTS AND POSTS MONEY.

The sharply-worded and defiant epistle which appeared in our past issue, over the signature of Mike Conners, has stirred up Harry Hicken and his friends in the Quaker City, and the tocsin of war sounded by Mickey the Bold is responded to in the following spirited strain by Harry the Hammerer:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In response to the 8th inst. Mr. Michael Coburn states that he is inclined to think my backers only exist in my imagination. To convince him to the contrary, please find enclosed twenty-five dollars, as a forfeit to bind a match to fight him according to his own proposition, viz., any weight I please to fight at, for five hundred or one thousand dollars a side, in eight weeks from Dec. 8, 1877. I also send articles of agreement, which I hope he will sign, and thus do away with his imaginary fears. As regards his having the better of me in the last two days previous to the fight, to put up the last deposit. The fight shall take place over three hundred miles from New York or Philadelphia. You will perceive I accept the terms as regards weight, as he appears so liberal in that respect.

Very respectfully, HARRY HICKEN.

The above was accompanied by the amount necessary to cover Coburn's deposit, as also by the articles, which we cannot spare room for this week, but which can be seen by the New Yorker by calling at the office.

DOONEY HARRIS' MATINEE at Harry Hill's on Thursday, Dec. 6, was very well attended, and nobody who went had any reason to complain, as the show was excellent, although it embraced nothing new or sensational, unless we except the box between the colored exponents of the art, John Sibbs and Edward Middleton, who furnished no end of amusement, while they pummeled each other like pile drivers. The other sparrers were Johnny Reilly and Johnny Saunders; Jim Kelly and "The Mouse" (the latter never doing better, if as well as upon this occasion, while Kelly was quite as good as usual); Jim Frawley and friend, Billy Lowry and Sam Davis (a rough bout, but good humored); Stack and Frank Waite, John Williams and Charley Evans, Billy Fields and Jim Clary (a glove battle, ending with honors easy), and the wind-up, which brought together Harris and Steve Taylor. The latter couple were no sort of a match, of course, Steve looking like a giant alongside of Dooney, but the latter showed that he had lost none of his old skill and cunning, if he was a little slower, the set to being pleasing. Uncle Tobe was M. C. We are requested by Dooney to return his thanks to his old patrons and friends and to the public in general for their kind support, as well as the professional sparrers who assisted him. His friends Joe Goss and Charles A. Booth, who came from Boston expressly to tender their aid, Dooney wishes particularly to thank. Likewise Steve Taylor, who so willingly wound up with him when an opponent was wanted.

LAGOSSIERE VS. CARNEY.—A glove fight, for $100 a side, is to take place at the Music Hall, Quebec, Canada, Dec. 17, between Ambrose Carney, a soldier, who stands six feet three and a quarter inches, minus his shoes, and weighs about 200 pounds, and Joseph Lagossiere, a French professor of the art, a couple of inches shorter than the artilleryman, but some pounds heavier. The latter, it may be remembered, was defeated by Prof. Wm. Miller of this city in a glove contest at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, Jan. 4 last, 7 rounds being fought in 35 minutes. Carney, is a member of Battery B, stationed there, and has been under the care of Prof. Miller for a month or so, previous to which time he knew nothing of the science of boxing, but having a good teacher, under whom he has made encouraging progress, he is thought to possess an excellent chance.

ARTHUR SILLECK AND NATHAN ALLEN fought with gloves, for fifty dollars, in a room in Brooklyn, L. I., on the night of Dec. 7. They fought for thirty minutes, when the referee declared it a draw. Neither was any the worse for blows received, but Allen was somewhat bruised and considerably shaken up by the frequent falls, he being generally the undermost man.

GEORGE ROOKE'S 152 lb match with Denny Harrington has fallen through, and he now offers to box anybody, at that weight or under, with ordinary sized gloves, Queensberry rules, for £50 or £100 a side, eight weeks from signing. George has promoted a club for sparring and gymnastic exercises at E. Keenan's "King William IV," Strand, London, Eng.

JOE GOSS has been sojourning in Boston, Mass., for some weeks, and will take a benefit there, at Beethoven Hall, Dec. 17. Steve Taylor and Dooney Harris will go from the metropolis to assist Joe, and the Hub boxers will come bodily to the front then.

JOHN THOMAS of Newark and Fred Rodgers of Trenton, N. J., are to run one hundred yards, for fifty dollars a side, at the latter place, on Xmas, at two o'clock P. M. Thomas receives a start of five yards.

SAM TURNER is now boss of a well-appointed saloon at 1,128 and 1,130 Race street, Philadelphia, and he won't be displeased to see any of his old friends there, come they singly or in platoons.

MIKE GRAY and DUTCHEY couldn't come to terms for their proposed glove-match in London, Eng., but Rees marched Morris Raphael to box Dutchey at catch-weight, for £20 a side.

PATSY HOGAN is now teaching boxing at Prof. Perlner's Gymnasium, San Francisco, Cal.

PEDESTRIANISM.

HOPPING AND RUNNING.—On Nov. 17, at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., Edward Turner of the Second Battalion, 24th Regiment, hopped 80 yards in 11 1-5 seconds, defeating Thomas Hope by half a dozen yards. He had a half hour previously, run 100 yards in 10 3-5 seconds, finishing a yard and a half ahead of Hope, who had to hop 69 yards. The winner is 21 years old, 5ft. 9½in. in height, and scaled 150lb; loser, 23 years old, 5ft. 6in., 126lb. J. White, the old Gateshead cripple, was starter; R. Styles, timekeeper, and J. Jean, referee.

THE CENTENNIAL BASEBALL GROUND, Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, on Dec. 10, was the scene of a foot race between W. H. Adsetts and W. A. Kendricks, for $250 a side; distance 220 yards. They got off to an even start, and running closely together the entire distance, a magnificent race resulted in a dead heat, and it will be run off this (Tuesday) morning. The time was 103sec.

A MEDAL emblematic of the three-mile championship of Vermont was walked for by T. H. Hoonen and N. J. Crain, at Springfield Nov. 29. The former won in 26m. 18s. Referee, J. H. Hart.

MISS BEETIE LE FRANC is said to have concluded a walk of ninety miles in twenty-six hours at City Hall, Springfield Mass., Dec. 8. She won by six minutes only—suspiciously close shaving.

MISS BERTHA VON HILLERN will attempt to walk 150 miles in 50 consecutive hours at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, commencing Dec. 11, at 9 P. M.

WM. HOWES was to have attempted the feat of walking twenty-eight miles in four hours at the Star Grounds, London, England, Dec. 10.

AQUATIC.

THE COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB elected officers Dec. 4, the gentlemen chosen being: Commodore, J. S. Baker; vice-commodore, R. McWilmie; secretary, Charles H. Armstrong; treasurer, Joseph A. Weaver; measurer, George Heap; steward, P. Hausman; trustees, John Frick, Peter Valentine, L. P. Wuxmann, A. H. Rogers and A. T. Stephens; finance committee—John Frick, chairman; A. H. Rogers and Lewis Fink Jr.

A NEW FOUR-OARED CREW is spoken of at St. John, N. B., as very likely to be organized next Spring. Elijah Rose and Samuel Hutton of the old Paris crew, George McLaren and a fisherman belonging to Pisarinco will constitute the quartet.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL MATCH.

Yale vs. Princeton.

A concourse numbering over two thousand persons, the far greater proportion of whom were collegians, and in the main earnest partisans, while several hundred were ladies, paid an admission fee of twenty-five cents for the privilege of witnessing the match at football, arranged after much trouble, between the university teams of Yale and Princeton, played on the grounds of the St. George Cricket Club at Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 8. Weather and grounds were together suitable, so that the spectators were justified in looking for an unusually fine contest between teams composed of such skillful, well-drilled players as the representatives of the blue and the orange had on many previous occasions proved themselves to be. The Jerseymen were thought to have a little the shade the better of it, in consequence of the fact that the Yales had been obliged to add four comparatively fresh and untrained men in increasing their team to the required fifteen, it having been their custom to play with eleven only, and consequently the Princetons were slightly the favorites with those who felt disposed to risk anything upon the issue. As a concession to Yale in return for agreeing to Princeton's terms as to the numerical strength of the opposing side, it was agreed that upon this occasion touchdowns should not count, the result to be decided by goals obtained only by kicks while the ball (a Rugby) was in active play. The teams were as follow:

Yale—W. T. Downer, R. B. Lamb, O. W. Brown, J. S. Harding, H. S. Ives, W. A. Peters, R. Wurts, E. W. Smith, forwards; W. C. Camp, G. H. Clark, O. D. Thompson, F. W. Brown, half-backs; W. A. Wakeman, D. Trumbull, E. V. Baker, backs.

Princeton—Badford, Lee, Enos, Wylly, Clark, Ballard, Loney, Deveraux, Stevens, forwards; W. E. Dodge Jr., McNair, Ironig, half-backs; Funknauser, Cutts, Minor, backs.

Princeton won the toss, and the captain of the blues started the leather, which brought up in the hands of Dodge, who in running with it to touchdown for safety got outside the bounds, and a foul was the result. The ball was sent into the field again, and, after a series of exciting rushes and some good kicking, Princeton, in front of whose strongest goal most of the work was done, was compelled to touchdown in self-defense. A couple of effective "hists" carried the ball in close proximity to the Yale quarters; but vigorous work on the part of the defending half-backs quickly returned it to the opposite end, and, Camp obtaining possession, he secured a touchdown for Yale. In the tussle which followed, Baker secured the leather and made for the Princeton fortress, which he reached, but, having gone outside the boundary in the run, a claim of foul was allowed. Being brought out again, Dodge let drive at it with such force that the ball was handed over to the Yale goal, and Wakeman thought it advisable to touch down on the saving principle. Immediately afterwards time was called, and the perspiring, dirt-begrimed athletes wrapped their great coats about them, and for ten minutes rested from their labors. Ends were changed when their captain, Dodge, had for the final forty-five minutes struggle, and Cutts of Princeton kicked off, sending the ball well into the adversaries' territory, where, however, it was not long permitted to remain, the powers of the Orangemen being directly taxed to the utmost to prevent the downfall of their castle, Minor finally touching down for safety. Bringing it into play again, Minor essayed to elevate it, but was prevented by some rough-and-tumble business, terminating in Camp of Yale gripping the ball and making a bold dash for the enemy's works, which he managed to enter after overcoming the obstacles interposed by the opposing forces, thus gaining the second touchdown for the men from New Haven. Severe scrimmages followed, both sides being thoroughly on their mettle, and as the time of playing drew to a close, working resolutely to secure the coveted goals. Wurts, a Yale rusher, ultimately got the leather in chancery, and struck out for the home of the orange and black, managing to evade the earnest efforts of his foemen to stop him until he fell foul of Funknauser, a Princeton goal protector, who snatched the ball from him and touched down for safety. First to get fair hold of the ball again was McNair, an orange half-back, who made a good run, which came nigh being successful in securing a goal, that possible result being prevented by a collision, which caused him to drop the ball. From this time forward until the call of time the play was even, the leather being kept flying from end to end, but neither side scoring a point, the result of the contest being a tie on nothing, and the match consequently a draw. The game was grandly contested, and it is safe to say that both teams have a better opinion of each other, personally and as ball-players, than they previously entertained. Umpires: E. G. Rourke for Princeton, W. R. Bigelow for Yale. Referee, W. N. Elbert.

ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

Prof. John Wood's friends attested their esteem for him as a man and brother athlete by rallying in force at the gymnasium on Twenty-eighth street on the night of the 8th inst., when the twenty-first anniversary of this popular metropolitan institution was appropriately celebrated by a complimentary benefit to the proprietor. A lengthy programme had been prepared for the occasion, and the athletic feast was greatly enjoyed by the company, albeit special or novel features were not numerous, the majority of the performers and their acts being familiar to lovers of athletic exercises; still the majority acquitted themselves so well that the pleasure afforded was but little marked by lack of novelty. The events which apparently gave the greatest satisfaction to the lookers-on were the boxing matches between W. C. McClellan and an amateur who is too modest to allow his name to appear in print, although he was nowise backward in giving ocular demonstration of how well he could handle himself fistically, he being adjudged to have rather the best of the hitting after he got warmed up, although he napped a scorcher in the second round which proved a settler; William Miller and the gigantic blonde policeman Thomas Britton, which was prolific of sledge-hammer hits, skillfully delivered, Miller having the better than his pupil; and J. E. Judd and Jim Frawley (the latter of whom got his seasoning in the ring proper years ago), who made a tolerably even, scientific set-to. Judd excelling in quickness, but receiving quite as good as he gave in the way of head-shaking punches. Regrets had been expressed because the anticipated meeting between Judd and McClellan did not take place, but the character of the encounter between the latter and his vis-a-vis left naught to be wished for on that score. The others who sported the stuffed buckskins were Prof. Wood and W. Coombs, the former decidedly the more proficient), Coombs and Williams, Bantam and Asten, and a brace of Ethiopian comedians, styled for short "Samson" and "Goliah," also heroes of the olden time noted for their strength, but not as renown'd as sable namesakes for ability in the high art of "stop, look and get away." The exhibition of Indian club juggling by James Messenger, the well-known cannon-ball manipulator, was marked by finer execution than upon the occasion of his first appearance in this role at the Theatre Francais, and was deservedly applauded, as was the graceful swinging of the same appliances for muscular development by M. E. Burnton, who long ago was recognized as an expert at this attractive exercise. Big dumb bells were handled by R. A. Pennell, G. D. Parmly, M. E. Burnton and T. Lynch, the first-named getting a 200 pounder above his head. Parmly elevating one weighing 180lb, and Burnton fairly putting up a 100 pound bell several times. Lynch and Doyle wrestled, square hold, the former proving the master, as did C. Murphy in a similar contest with Hamlin. A couple of wiry gentlemen from La Belle France then demonstrated the absurdity of the French style of boxing with the feet, Booth receiving Williams in a Graco-Roman wrestling contest, Capt. Nicolio and Prof. Detwick fenced skillfully with foils, and a number of amateurs displayed their gymnastic skill by a series of well-executed evolutions upon the horizontal bar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 303.

sociation Hall; W. W. Story delivered a lecture on "Art" at the Academy of the Fine Arts 6; Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston lectured on "New England Sketches" at Association Hall 6: Miss Marianna Gibbons' lecture on "William Penn and His Times" was delivered 7 at St. George's Hall; Col. Forney was to have lectured at Concert Hall 6, but refused to appear before the slim audience present; Josh Billings on "Sandwiches and Specimen Brix" will be heard at the Academy of Music 8; Prof. Proctor, Washington, D. C., reports: Robert G. Ingersoll is to lecture on "Liberty" 12, and a large working model of the Strasburg clock is to be exhibited this week; a 6-day go-as-you-please, seven feet long, which escaped from one of the menageries traveling through that region last Summer, was killed a few miles from Marion, O., on Dec. 1; Barnum's museum at Bridgeport, Conn., on Dec. 7; Mr. Hamblin has engaged Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Dec. 16, 17 and 18 for Booth's Theatre, which is to be entirely remodeled and refurnished; Mr. Stetson has secured Mr. Edwin Booth for Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15, at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Jarrett has secured Mr. Booth for Monday evening, Dec. 17, at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, Dec. 20, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; 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Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Friday evening, July 19, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, July 20, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, July 22, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, July 23, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, July 24, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, July 25, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Friday evening, July 26, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, July 27, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, July 29, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund; Mr. Booth will appear at the

HER LAST LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"New York: November seventeen—
My dearest Charles, my soul's delight,
I could not see you yesterday—
You must not, shall not, to-night.
Darling, I dare not to you write—
But Fate so wills it; all is o'er—
I keep my secret with a sigh.
But in this world we'll meet no more!
And yet I love you just the same,
But do not judge me as I seem:
Forgive me, Charles! Do not blame,
Think of me only as a dream.
For I am doomed to fade and die—
We'll meet, perhaps, some happier day.
Visit my tomb, but do not cry.
Adieu—Your poor distracted MAY.
P.S.—Charles, come to-morrow anyhow;
The doctor says it hardly shows;
I'm not ashamed to tell you now—
I had a pimple on my nose!" CUPID JONES.

LA BELLE AMERICAINE.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER BY RICHMOND THATCHER, THE AUSTRALIAN AGENT.

CHAPTER IV.—FRISCO.

There was no railway across the continent at that time, and the voyage had to be made by steamer. It was accomplished, however, and Fanny Marshall, now La Belle Americaine, with her agent, landed at the Universal Packet Wharf, and was received by emissaries from Mr. Crouch. The lady was whipped into a carriage amidst the cheers of a great crowd, which the enterprising Mr. Crouch had taken care should meet the steamer and greet the great actress whose fame was to fill his pockets.

The enterprising Crouch had not been idle since the engagement of the new star. He had many discussions with his stage-manager on the knotty point of the opening piece in which to introduce "La Belle Americaine" to the Pacific public. "La Belle Americaine," the play itself, was not suited for the Western States.

"Shakespeare," Mr. Crouch observed, "isn't worth a cuss; he is played out, and d——d expensive to mount."

Tom Taylor and Boucicault had to be localized so frightfully that they lost half their value when brought across the Atlantic. She must have something tiptop, that was certain; something AI, and new, if possible. New!—that was it exactly. Young Leslie was the very man: right into their hands. Leslie was a rising author; he had written two or three successful farces, adapted a few burlesques, and dramatized an English work of fiction. He was a successful pressman, and all round their very man to write a drama in which the powers of La Belle Americaine might be shown to the best advantage. He was a local man, too, and Mr. Crouch knew how to appeal to a discriminating and generous public to encourage local talent. The order was given, and the young man set to work to produce a piece—an original drama, worthy of even so bright a star as La Belle. He threw his soul into the task; he knew it would make or mar his fame as a dramatist. He had his foot on the ladder of renown. He was to climb—to reach the top, and grasp all the emoluments attendant on success—or fall into the abyss of mediocrity if he failed; and no one knows how bitter such a fall and failure can be but the aspiring yet disappointed genius who has essayed to climb and failed.

Herbert Leslie had long been confident that he could write a drama; he only waited for the chance, and it had come. When he submitted the manuscript of "The Creole's Revenge" to Mr. Crouch and to Burton, the factotum, they at once said it would "go." Mr. Crouch even went so far as to say it was a "snorter." Leslie had not written exactly to please himself. He knew that he was writing for the Pacific public, and he grafted onto words, scenes, and situations many noble sentiments. He made a sort of compromise with his conscience and ambition. He was aware that, had he written a play in which real men and women were introduced and made to talk as men and women do, it would not be suffered to reach the length of one performance; so he sacrificed truth and fidelity, as all dramatic authors are forced to do. But he gave, in the place of real life, an ideal one, which, while it appealed to the sympathies and predilections of playgoers, was true and faithful to that ideal. He had to create stage men and women, but he did not make them "stagey;" he endowed them with life, and did not merely fashion so many puppets. He gave each man and woman in the piece an individuality. If they spoke his words, they were bound to be consistent, and become component parts of the whole of his plot. Burton, the factotum, knew it would go. There were "lines" for the gods, which he knew must bring down that portion of the house, and he felt that the interest he himself experienced in merely reading the play must be increased tenfold if it were properly acted, and that, he was determined, it should be.

So "The Creole's Revenge," an "entirely new and original drama," by Herbert Leslie, Esq., written expressly for La Belle Americaine, was billed in profusion. Portraits of a beautiful Creole, with disheveled hair and supernaturally large eyes, driving a knife into a man whose arms were raised aloft, were plastered on every available spot all through the city. "La Belle Americaine" and "The Creole's Revenge" were in everybody's mouth. If a cart-horse fell down in the street, before his dying agonies were over he was covered with posters. Mr. Crouch had to pay many fines for disfiguring private property with his bills, but he did not mind that. He even got the reporters to give long accounts of the actions brought against him, and to head them in the papers as "More Desecration." He held that advertising, without it were well done, had better be let alone; and he would have covered the gutspits of the churches and the public buildings of the city with his bills, if he dared.

Every seat in the circle and stalls of the theatre was taken long in advance of the first night of the new star's performance. A speculator bought up a great many tickets, and disposed of them at a large profit. Single seats were even advertised in the papers. Mr. Crouch of course had a great deal to do with this; but there was really a great curiosity to see and hear the famous actress in the young dramatist's first original play.

The opening night came. The Republican was crowded, densely packed by skillful persons engaged to make the most of every seat; the only unengaged portions of the place were filled by seven o'clock. Not a moment was lost from the time the doors opened; one unceasing crowd thronged in till "full" was announced from all parts of the house. Eight o'clock, and the curtain rose. Little attention was paid to the piece till shortly after its commencement, when La Belle Americaine came on, took one glance at the house, bowed once and waited; bowed again as a thunder of applause shook the place. Such cheers! None more cordial were ever accorded to any woman who went on the stage—cheers which were repeated till throats grew hoarse and the owners tired.

Then she gave a final acknowledgment and plunged into her business. She was a beautiful young Creole girl, happy in an illicit love with her young master. How she acted the part! One would have thought her the most impressionable of women; she reveled in her passion and devotion. Love sparkled in her eyes and beamed forth with every glance. Her lover was a planter's son, whose word she took as gospel. She was his idol—he her god. He was toying with her; she was loving and bestowing her whole heart on him. She made him swear to love her—never to change; come what would, the twain were to be one flesh. How it brought down the house! How the gods cheered and applauded the noble sentiments of the loving, trusting girl abandoning herself to her destroyer! Her love in its depth and magnitude took the taste of the audience, and applause followed every line. Then her role changed. A rival appeared on the scene—not a declared one, but a girl whom she mistrusted, about whom she had misgivings. The transition from fond, trusting, fancied security to doubt and mistrust was grand. It concluded the first act, and, as the curtain dropped, such deafening yells rent the air as had never before been heard in the Republican. It was raised again, and disclosed La Bella Americaine still in the same attitude as when it dropped—an attitude partly of despair, partly of anger and misgiving. Again the curtain was lowered, but the delighted and astonished audience would have the woman as well as the actress, and Fanny had to appear from the side entrance, led by the perfidious young planter. Then she got another ovation, and bowed her thanks again and retired to her dressing-room.

She was satisfied now; her ambition had found a realization; the day-dreams she had indulged in at L[illegible] onte were dreams no longer, and her triumph was complete. The cheers and applause that had resounded through the theatre filled her with delight; she knew they were deserved, and then she thought over the language, the delivery of which had wrought the audience up to an enthusiasm she had never seen equaled. She had found a modern author who realized her idea of a dramatist—who made the conventionalities of modern life subject to his will; who, without infringing the rules or distorting the language of the period, made them agents to bring about a truly glorious result. Her new-discovered genius, she thought, had the keen perception of the older writers, with a perfect knowledge of modern life. A little experience would develop his powers, and the result would be other "Schools for Scandal," more "Strangers" and "Hamlets."

The second act only established her fame, and rendered the house more enthusiastic. She was a deluded and forsaken woman now, terrible in her wrath—only living for revenge; furious at having been deceived and forsaken, desperate at having lost a heart that beat for her only. Anguish and desire for revenge struggled for mastery. By a novel arrangement of the stage, the perfidious young planter could be seen with his new love, while the Creole looked on, listening to his vows made to another as he had made them to her—watching his blandishments, of which she had before been the recipient. Then Fanny's triumph as an actress culminated; pit, stalls, and circle were in a frenzy of admiration at the despair, anguish, and the fury portrayed without speaking a word. Her face, now livid with rage, now distorted by strong feeling that seemed to rend her as she writhed in wrath, was as mobile as if it had been pliant material moulded by an artist. The house was breathless, spellbound by her astonishing genius. Passion and purpose were shown without any violent gestures—they were shown in every movement, and proclaimed by every change in her marvelously expressive face. People trembled for the unconscious young planter and his new love. Much as he had sinned, he had not deserved the awful hatred that La Belle Americaine showed. It was a relief when, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, the revengeful Creole sank exhausted and senseless on the stage. Cheers, renewed again and again, caused the curtain to rise, and Fanny again to make her appearance at the wings, and receive bouquets in scores and terrific applause.

In the third act she did not appear till the finish. Then, disguised as the false young planter's new mistress, she kept her rival's assignation, when, after some magnificent by-play, she threw off her disguise and stabbed her false lover to the heart. More magnificent dumb show was introduced—the planter making love to his new love, as he thought, wondering why she was so coy and silent. Fanny's face, which could be seen by the audience (in its disguise), was a study. Her smiles and acceptance of her victim's caresses were Satanic in their devilish cunning, and as she tore off her hood, raised the dagger, and in her own voice hissed: "This for you, traitor!" the audience held their breaths, and a feeling like that experienced on witnessing a murder or an execution ran through the house. That feeling over, nothing but admiration for the artist remained, and she could scarcely give the few lines at the finish, for frequent interruptions in the shape of bursts of applause. The last lines were spoken, and as she stood bowing her adieux, bouquets, purses, coins of all sorts, and gold raised upon the stage—for it was some years ago, and Californians testified their appreciation in a very practical manner.

Another call followed, then one for the planter and his second love, and then a cry of "Author, author!" was raised, and Herbert Leslie left the side-box in which he sat, in an agony of suspense, till the first act was over, and he saw that his drama was a success. He bowed low to the loud and long plaudits, and was making his way back to the stage-door, when, passing the new star's dressing-room, his name was called, and Fanny opened the door. He went in. She received there, flushed with triumph, her eyes sparkling, her breast heaving. Leslie thought he had never seen so glorious a creature. Her hair was loosed now, and hung in heavy dark masses on her shoulders, which, though they had been colored, as was her face, to a dark shade, were surprisingly beautiful. Rather below than above the average height, Fanny had a figure fit for a sculptor's model; her arms were round and beautifully moulded, her face was expressive, and her eyes had the beam which genius and intelligence only can give. Her part lay on the table, with some exquisite articles of jewelry flashing with gems. She leaned against her dressing-table, looking dreamily down, as if in deep thought. Presently she raised her head and said:

"You wrote that play"—half as an assertion, half interrogatively.

"I did," he answered; "I hope you liked your part."

"It is the most beautiful modern drama I ever played in. It is grand. You leave me to express a great deal without words."

"I was fortunate to get my meaning so well explained."

"Your praise is more grateful to me than the call and cheers I have just received."

"I would rather please an artist than the public."

"Would you?" she said. "I take that as truth, and must acknowledge it as a compliment. What made you keep me off so long in the last act? Did you trust to my getting up a new sensation, or were you afraid the fire would get low and have to be lighted up again?"

"I trusted to a new passion," he answered, "and I think the result proves that I was right."

"Perhaps so," she acquiesced; then, turning to the things that lay upon her table, she seemed to be again lost in thought.

Herbert stood irresolute, scarcely knowing whether to go or stay, when suddenly she turned and looked him full in the face, and said, as if with an effort:

"Where did you learn all those love-passages you have put into my part and that of Darnton, the young planter?"

He smiled as he replied:

"I am a married man."

"A married man?" She echoed his words with emphasis. "Then the pale, sickly"—she had almost been rude, but added, after a pause—"lady in the box with you was ——"

"My wife," he said, half defiantly; "she has not the best of health."

Fanny resumed her preoccupied air.

"Good-night," she said shortly, after a pause.

He turned to walk out, saying "Good-night;" but before he reached the door she came up to him and extended her small, delicate hand and smiled bewitchingly, saying "Good-night" in a hearty tone. He cordially repeated the words and passed out.

CHAPTER V.—PLAYED OUT.

They met frequently after that. "The Creole's Revenge" seemed likely to have a long run; but it must play out, and Mr. Crouch and his thoughtful manager, Mr. Spofford, ordered the young dramatist to have another "entirely new and original drama, written expressly for this theatre," ready for the time when the piece should cease to draw crowded houses. Fanny and Leslie had many consultations on the subject, and both, like ambitious artists as they were, would have preferred the classic drama. They wished to make the grand old heroes of antiquity walk the earth again. Perhaps they desired to elevate the taste of the public of Frisco; perhaps the yearning after better things—a nobler aspiration—induced them to look to past ages for their events, and to mythical beings for their characters.

But Mr. Crouch set his face, or rather entered a very emphatic protest, against the classic drama. "Those darned highfalutin Roman things," he said, "cost too much for 'toguses' and things;" for Mr. Crouch styled and reckoned all classic costume as togas—"then it cut up 'flats' in painting pillars and tumble-down things on 'em; and when you'd gone to all the trouble and lots of extra expense, and had your piece properly mounted, as you thought, the supers' legs damned the whole concern. And who cared for Romans and Greeks and their long-winded palaver? Nobody but a few old fogies who had too much time and money to stick to their own age, but must go back to other days for amusement."

Mr. Spofford, too, didn't care for the higher-class drama; it was all very well and correct and that sort of thing, but the public paid, and they had a right to get what they could understand—something modern and sensational. "Medea," with a good cast, and a couple of clever kids introduced, might run for a night or two; but to "knock" an audience nowadays required some good matter-of-fact bit of villainy—the steam-engine business, a night train, or a saw-mill.

So a sort of compromise was made, and Herbert retired onto French revolutionary history for a plot, and produced a play in which Robespierre and Danton figured. They often met and consulted, the two; for of course Fanny was anxious about her part—what actress is not? So they would meet either at the theatre or at her lodgings, and talk over the new play, or a subject that never palled on them—the stage.

Their meetings were not always passed in deliberations anent the piece. Leslie was a good reader, and Fanny, of course, a thorough elocutionist; and if they could not produce Shakespeare and Homer, Æschylus, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sallust or Addison, on the San Francisco stage, they could commune with them together.

This was dangerous work, you will say, for a young couple—the one irrevocably bound by a sacred tie, the other wedded to a noble profession; but for Leslie, he was secure from danger—he had once, and once only, felt the mystic influence of love, and have I not said that Fanny's heart was unassailable?

Leslie, when a little over twenty, had married a young girl to whom he had taken a sudden fancy. Both were orphans, and, in fact, friendless. He had to struggle on, winning, wresting, his bread from a hard world; he had been drudge in a printing-office, bookkeeper, advertisement receiver and reader, proof-corrector, reporter and item recorder—anything, everything, about a large newspaper. His wife was a young girl, tolerably well born—always weakly, never in good health, worn down as it were by the cares and responsibilities of matrimony and housekeeping—no more a companion for an aspiring man-of-letters than an Indian squaw would have been. She had no sympathy with his labor—could not share his enthusiasm or his reward. His writings were to her so much litter—his copy so much paper that for a while disfigured the sitting-room. Yet he loved her. To other people she might, and indeed was, a pale, sickly, weak, peevish, and almost ill-favored and prematurely aged woman—yet to him she was a wife, a being to cherish and on whom to bestow all his affection. His business lay much in cafes, hotels, and theatres, yet none of the fair butterflies ever tempted him for one moment to forget that delicate woman at home. He never left her without a loving kiss, nor met her but he folded her in his arms; nor did a day or an hour pass but he thought of her pleasantly and with affection. Perhaps her want of literary proclivities was his safeguard. When he came from the office or the great school of observation, instead of some discussion on scientific or literary matters he was regaled with stories of the servant's delinquencies or the butcher's shortcomings, which took his thoughts away from business, and allowed his brain to rest. They lived happily, as couples always do where one loves and the other suffers himself or herself to be loved. If Leslie had been asked why he loved his wife, he would have found it difficult to answer; but who can explain or account for the holy feeling that actuates good men and women, or define the line that divides love from passion or infatuation?

Leslie was content to go home to find his wife immersed in the duties of life, fully occupied by the small occurrences of the daily routine, and indifferent to a great passion or higher aspiration. Fanny pitied him—she fancied he pined for companionship—for sympathy and inspiration. She had seen Mrs. Leslie but once, and then but for a moment, but with the quick perception natural to her she had read her character as well as Lavater or Gall might have done. She thought how different it might have been had she and Leslie met, and there had been no bar to the freest intercourse between them; they might have married and shared their genius and their triumphs. He could have written, and she would have been content to appreciate, assist, and perhaps inspire him.

The new play necessitated their frequent meeting; neither saw any harm in those tete-a-tete confabs; her heart was steeled against mankind, his possessed by a loved and honored wife. She thought she would have made him a good helpmate or companion, and an admiring assistant, rather than a wife—their brains were to be joined, but other than deep hearts. She would have given her vanity and her talents, rather than her love. Leslie thought little of the matter; he got many a brilliant idea, many a noble sentiment, from the talented young actress, and he was content to receive her ideas and assistance without troubling himself about the propriety of their intercourse. Had he thought there was any danger to either, he would never have compromised himself or her.

The revolutionary play, which was a succession of startling scenes of horror and humor, had a success. It was full of fire, and gracefully and smartly written. Fanny's part, at her own desire, was that of a young daughter of one of the Guarde Nationale, who espoused the cause of the people, and was accidentally the chief cause of the death of her father. It afforded her an opportunity to display her great powers—the glorious patriotism of the young Frenchwoman, and the despair of the murderess of a father. Still she did not like the part or the play so well as "The Creole's Revenge," though it displayed higher sentiments and loftier thoughts and expressions. She grew dissatisfied now—impatient towards the company, and exacting with everybody. People said she was "putting on frills;" that success had turned her head. Crouch could not make her out, and Spofford was puzzled. Such a nice woman she had hitherto been—so gracious and affable! Now the properties never suited her, the scenery was not to her taste, and the company did not play up to her, she complained. In fact, Mr. Crouch graphically said she was "raising Cain for the crowd." Towards Leslie she was imperious and apologetic by turns; sometimes avoiding him, and again seeming to take an unusual interest in him. Then she complained of sickness, and alarmed the management by fears of not being able to go on. The most eminent medical advice came to her command, and the doctors said her system wanted toning; but she averred they were fools and did not understand her case. Matters came to a climax when she announced her intention of leaving the country. Crouch was in despair, and, as usual, ran to his faithful Spofford.

"What could he do? It was just like those cussed women—just as they were a big draw, they took all sorts of fancies. Would it be any good getting her a slap-up turn-out, or giving her an advance in her terms?"

Mr. Spofford thought not.

"I can't make her out," said that worthy. "I hope she's not cobared; she's not that sort of gal, I should think, but you can never tell," said Mr. Spofford, whose experience was large and varied. "Hang it! what shall we do? I'll speak to Leslie about it; she seems to cotton to him more than to anybody. I wonder—and here Mr. Spofford gave a low whistle. "No," he continued; "Master Herbert would scarcely ——"

But whatever the astute manager thought did not transpire. Leslie was spoken to about the matter; and though he disclaimed having any influence, he promised to plead the cause of the disconsolate Mr. Crouch; and he waited upon the fair but discontented young star. At first she brightened up at the request; then passionately broke out:

"I can't stay—I won't. I am ill. You none of you understand me. I might stay here and kill myself for all you cared, so long as you filled the Republican." Then, seeing the grieved and pained look, she added: "I do not mean you. I would not hurt your feelings; you have been everything good and kind to me; but I am not well," and she almost burst into tears. "I must go," she continued vehemently; "this place is killing me; I was happy till I came to it. I will go to Europe, or back to the Eastern States. Why do you ask me to stay?" she demanded.

Leslie could only explain that he was deputed by Messrs. Crouch & Co., though he added with truth:

"I shall feel your absence greatly. I have thoroughly enjoyed your visit; you have made me a name."

"Yes," she broke in; "you are selfish and heartless like the rest; you look upon me as a machine, to be set in motion that you may derive benefit. You never think of the woman;" then, repenting again, she broke out into a flood of tears: "I am miserable, wretched—I must go. Please tell the management," and she laid some slight and sarcastic stress on the word, "that my decision is final. I will play one week, and then take the first ship to Europe."

There was no shaking her determination. She would play the last week for nothing; but no inducement would be sufficient to keep her over that time. She seemed now in a state of feverish anxiety, busying herself in packing up and making arrangements to leave in the Thracian, a large steamer bound for Liverpool in ten days. So the emissaries went forth from Mr. Crouch with posters and paste, and plastered the city with announcements that it was "The Last Week of La Belle Americaine," warning the public that it was "the last opportunity they would have of seeing the greatest star actress who had ever visited the Pacific Coast." "Last Week" and "Previous to her Departure for Europe" stared everybody in the face, whether they looked high or low, for they were stuck aloft and branded on the flags of every sidewalk in the city. Fanny had come in heralded well, and she was not to leave without a flourish of trumpets.

One concession she made. In addition to the week's performance she consented to appear for the benefit of Herbert Leslie, Esq., the author of "The Creole's Revenge," "La Fille du Soldat," etc., etc. She made it a condition that it was to be a clear benefit, not one of those speculations generally known as "fens. on terms," where the recipient scarcely can distinguish between a benefit and an injury. It only wanted then nine days till the Thracian should sail, carrying away Fanny Hesler, with all her cares, her hopes, to another country; and how ardently she longed for the time to come none but herself knew. She counted the hours as they dragged their slow lengths along. One stipulation she made—"The Creole's Revenge," she insisted, should be put up for Leslie's benefit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REMARKABLE DEVOTION.—In the town and suburbs of Bombay there is a class of hereditary minstrels called Cahruns, who possess a certain talent for improvisation, and earn a precarious livelihood by chanting their verses from house to house. To this class belonged a brother and sister, respectively named Dada Jeeva and Baeeba, who appear to have been tenderly attached to each other. The former, though wrongfully accused, was convicted of robbery, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. His sister, however, refused to believe the evidence, and clung to her faith in his innocence. Determined to discover the truth, she wandered about the country for ten years, disguised as a female ascetic, everywhere making inquiries. After many a disappointment, she at last alighted upon a clue that put her upon the right track, and then the proofs accumulated rapidly. Armed with these, she laid the case before a member of Council, who so far interested himself on her behalf that he was one day able to present her with an order for her brother's release. The news, however, was disclosed too hastily to the prisoner. The sudden revulsion of feeling was too much for him, and he was removed from jail to the lunatic asylum at Colaba, hopelessly insane.

THE VARIETY OF TASTES:

An Epigastric Lay.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY W. R. BARBER.

Earth's tribes, it would seem, never yet have agreed—
Being by nature cantankerous clingers—
As to what for all men is the best kind of feed,
And the consequence is that each tribe of the breed
Has its own kind of breakfasts and suppers and dinners.

Puppy's flesh and shark-fin no one would scarce think a treat,
Yet the Chinese consider them moreover celestial.
The Esquimaux think that whale-blubber and the meat
Of the walrus are tidbits that cannot be beat.
And eat them quite raw, which is certainly bestial.

On some parts of the Nile they devour crocodile;
In Ceylon, porcupine very popular fare is;
In Malabar, ladies eat rats cooked in "ghi."
And—a thing which to civilized folks must seem vile—
With fat spiders the Caffre his dried locust varies.

On the Amazon's shanks monkey's flesh is preferred;
Sandwich-Islanders eat with much gusto raw fishes;
And some Gaelic salmon I gave you my word,
Late *iguana* far better than beast, fowl or bird,
Though you'll say a big lizard a singular dish is.

Your Frenchman is fond of the hind-leg of frog;
Your Spaniard delights in an olio *podrida*;
The south folk with bagels their diaphragms clog:
The stew of Green Erin is capital prog,
And John Bull on roast beef and plum-pudding's a feeder

But the Yankee's the boy for whom flavors divine
And succulent dishes in greatest variety
Are ever the order, he knows how to dine;
The good things that he washes down with good wine
Might tempt even a hermit to eat to satiety.

Then hail to our land, where whatever that's nice
You may have if you've only the cash in your pocket.
Call the waiter, and he's at your neck in a trice;
Speak your wish, you have only to give it a voice—
Ha! the dinner-bell's ringing—I'm off like a rocket.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD:"

A STORY OF THE GUIDING HAND OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WYOMING.

"No, sir, you cannot appear; and unless this kind of thing is stopped your engagement will be ended. Owning that you are remarkably good—a drawing card—that the public are inclined to be generous, especially with a favorite, yet they will not stand too much, and I am not the one to ask it."

"But you remember the uncommon temptation, and ——"

"That is no excuse. I like my social glass as well as anyone, but I don't believe in a man's making a beast of himself. Mind what I say, I shall stand it no longer. The next time you attempt to appear in the same condition you can consider yourself discharged."

The eyes of the "world renowned, classic and Shakespearian jester" (as he was blazoned upon the huge tricolored posters) flashed fire, and his brow was knitted and fists clenched as he turned away. He knew there was no defense to be made—that a man in a maudlin condition had no right to appear in the ring—that the "director of amusements" was simply just to the owner and the public, and yet he could not endure being reproved.

"He knows I've got to bear it," he muttered from between his lips, purple with anger—"got to bear it on account of my wife and child. But I'll be even with him some day, see if I don't. He thinks no other ringmaster can fill his place. Well, if it should become suddenly vacant!"

When himself there was no more generous nature than that of Ned Powers. He was a rare rider—a man almost unmatched for "general utility," and without a peer as a jester—original, sparkling, commanding the highest salary, and always welcomed by the management. But he had one failing (who has not?)—was subject to "sudden indisposition" that kept him from appearing, and when crossed at such times his entire nature became changed. Then he grew sullen and revengeful, was swift to avenge real or fancied insult—to strike deep and passionately, unmindful of consequences. But when the fit was over and reason returned, he repented as deeply as man could, and in the lowest depths of sackcloth and ashes.

And even more than ordinarily was he amazed and angered at the reproof then given. Billed for an unusual and striking performance, with the house crowded, it was hard to give up. He was morbidly sensitive, and the very justice of the words he had heard made the sting more deep than it would otherwise have been; and added to this was a not overfriendly feeling for the man who had reproved him. There was an old-time jealousy between them, latent when all was smooth sailing but breaking out on the volcanic foment the occasion was audaciously stimulated.

For a few moments he stood, with flashing eyes and unsteady nerves, undecided. But he had sense enough remaining to understand that it would not do to force himself into the ring—that ignominious expulsion would follow such a course. Then, as the muscle began, another jester passed swiftly and, as he fancied, with a triumphant smile upon his face, leaped into the sawdust arena with a merry "Houp la!" and was received with tremendous applause. Powers hurried away to the dressing-tent, tore off the motley as if heaven-ful to him, stamped under foot, and hissed with venom more than human:

"By Heaven!" he muttered from between set teeth, "he *shall* pay for it, and with his life's blood!"

"Hush, Ned!" whispered his companion, appalled by the tempest of his own raising. "You must not talk thus. Why, man, if anything should happen, you would be arrested for murder. Come, let's go and have a drink; you need one; it will do you good. You are trembling as a dove when suddenly thrust into the cage of the python. Come along; I have something to tell you."

Powers yielded to the persuasion, and drank not one glass, but several; and yet they produced no apparent effect but to further inflame the blood, fire the eye, and make him ripe for revenge. The very violence of his feelings appeared to baffle the strength of drink—to consume the spirit even as flame does gas, without paralyzing the brain or unstringing the frame. And suddenly he remembered the last words of his (questionable) friend, and asked:

"What was it you were going to tell me, Dick?"

"That somebody else is going to perform Brutus."

"Great Heaven! Who?"

"Your master!"

"It will be death!" replied Powers, without noticing the insult. "No one can manage him, no one but me dare even unfasten him."

"Then your wrongs will be washed out in blood, and it will not be upon your hands."

"You are right," and the eyes of Powers snapped with malicious joy, and the white teeth were ground together even as those of the hyena in the not distant cage when the "feeder" was tormenting it with the bloody meat that constituted its daily rations.

"Brutus" was of the better class of animals—a stallion of almost unmatched size and strength—a "Tartar" in more than name, for, though gifted with extraordinary sagacity, he had the temper of an incarnate fiend. Using upon the slightest provocation both teeth and hoofs, he was kept at a distance from all others—kept as securely fastened as an elephant—and had puzzled the wave when in the ring and handled only by Powers, who had broken and trained him, and obtained the mastery. A beautiful steed, clean and muscular limbed, proud of carriage, with eyes as those of an eagle, with long tail and mane as floating silver threads, skin as tawny fawn-colored, mottled satin, and without a rival as a "trick horse," his appearance was ever greeted with applause, in which his master shared.

But the showing was at least a dangerous undertaking. Once, when accidentally loosed, he killed a groom and rushed through the canvas as a whirlwind, biting, striking, kicking all that came in his way. And now a stranger hand was to undertake to guide him.

"There'll be likely to be more than one killed," said Powers in continuation of the conversation. "Anybody but myself might as well undertake to lead out the Bengal tiger."

"No matter. He takes the risk, and it's nothing to you, Ned. You are safe; and if the overbearing fool chooses to take the chances, it is none of our business."

"Yes, I'm safe enough; but I can't help thinking of the poor innocent women and children."

"They are nothing to you or me. All we care for are out of danger. Your wife and child ——"

"Oh! my God,"

Iron nerved and sinewed athlete as he was, Powers trembled as a loosened leaf in the Autumn gale. The hand that had grasped a draught and was about to raise it opened, and the glass was shivered to fragments at his feet. The ruby flush left his face, and he became as pale as death. The eyes that had glared as coals were dashed with tears, and the lips that had burned with curses were bloodless and softened into prayer.

His wife and child there, and the devil in horse-flesh, too, free to work his wrath! The idea of their being thrown into the cage of untamed beasts would not have been more terrible to him—the constricting, crushing folds of the monster serpent not more deadly.

In an instant, more quickly than if plunged into an icy flood, he was sobered. But the reaction was as fearful as complete. He stood paralyzed, dazed, feeble, as if the blow of a straw would have felled him. Then, as the enormity of the peril burst more clearly upon his brain, he dashed to the earth the man who would have held him; he ran with headlong speed to the canvas with an almost hopeless heart and fluttering pulse. A rushing crowd of the employes met him and momentarily stayed his progress. Wild with excitement and terror, they were hastening to places of safety.

"Is Brutus loose?" he questioned.

"Yes, yes!"

That was enough. Regardless of his own welfare, thinking but of his dear ones, Powers pressed on, entered the canvas, felt rather than saw the confusion there—that a desperate struggle had been enacted—that man and beast were alike injured—that the dressing-tent had been ribboned—that his darling child was gone from where he had left it sleeping, sweetly and innocently.

A hoarse murmur, shrieks of agony, cries of alarm, the snorting of affrighted steeds, yells of frantic, wild beasts rang upon his ears as he dashed towards the ring. He stumbled over the fainted form of his wife, raised her, kissed reverently the ice-cold lips, placed her in the arms of a passing friend, and rushed on, and gained the arena.

The scene there beggared description to nothingness. The horse-beast was rioting in freedom, rioting in destruction! The audience had fled to the topmost seats, and were crouched there in abject terror, or had cut their way to liberty. Brutus was master of the ring now. He who had but lately ruled there was powerless! Head bent savagely at the carriage of the horse would have been the sublimity of unreasoning passion. Rearing, plunging, striking, kicking, leaping, he whirled around the circle, with mane and tail streaming as trim, defiant banners, with breath forced through the nostrils as hissing steam, and eyes as flashing lightning.

But O merciful Heaven! what a sight to meet a parent's eyes! In his mouth, tossing and tearing, he carried the child of Powers! He saw it—fell upon his knees as if stricken by a heavy blow—could not, had his fate for all eternity depended upon it, have raised a hand to save. But there came to him, as in a dream, the swift stealing past him of a human figure, the giving of something to the ringmaster, the report after report of a pistol, the falling of a heavy body, a terrible groan, a fierce struggle, the placing in his arms of his child—and then all was darkness and insensibility.

A few hours later he learned all—knew how nobly he whom he had deemed his most bitter enemy had almost given his life to save his darling; and with the prayer of thankfulness that went heavenward from his lips was interwoven a vow that in the future would never be broken, no matter what the temptation.

LOVE AND BANKING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. BY N. D. U.

In view of my account with the Bladdersville Savings bank, comprising pretty much all I had in the world—five hundred and odd dollars on my side of the ledger—it was only natural that I should feel a little nervous when a gentle but unmistakable "run" began to develop against it. Indeed, more than nervous that institution, much as I admired its burnished counters, its expensive desks, its mirror screens, its elegant pigeonhole accommodations between the intervening public and this or that teller, clerk, bookkeeper or cashier, its luxurious directors' room, its frescoes and wainscoting, and all its gorgeous belongings, very much alarmed me, and much as I esteemed its benign, bald-headed and majestic president, Octavius Augustus Hornblower, my apprehensions were so decided that I would probably have withdrawn my funds at the inception of the uneasiness, but for a sweet-voiced monitress to the contrary. For Julius Cæsar had his Brutus, Henry the Cavalier, Charles I his Cromwell, and Octavius Augustus Hornblower had—his stately daughter Sirena, who was the apple of my eye.

"Nicolio," said she—it was thus her sweet custom to poetize my real patronymic of Nicholas—"who mistrusts my papa's bank mistrusts me, and whoever mistrusts me does not love me truly."

"Angel!" I could only murmur.

"This senseless run upon the bank," she continued, "has as yet only aroused the fears of the insensate and grovelling masses, the picayune depositors; but if you and the others of larger boardings stand but staunch and firm, our gallant bark of finance, boldly poised at the helm, will outride the surging storm, which, believe me, Nicolio, is nothing but a tempest in a teapot, after all."

"Your word should be my law, even as your smile is my nutrition, fair enchantress!" I replied, unconsciously sliding into the figurative with which I had indulged; "but business is business, and ——"

"And your worldly advantage should plead for me as well as love," she gently interrupted. "Old Bilks, the cashier, as you know, is halt and spavined in the race for fame, and when he yields his post to what is to prevail—the sweeping with papa for you to fill it worthily and well?"

"Say no more!" I cried, pressing my lips to her queenly hand. "Henceforth there's not a Bladdersvillain in the land will louder toot for papa's bank than I."

And I went on my way, and to my virtuous credit, I contented and charmed. With Sirena as my bride—as she had almost promised to be—everything might be serene. I had three strings to my bow, the one or other of which must answer well. In the first place, my five hundred dollars of savings; in the second place, my prospect of filling old Bilks' swing berth of cashier at a pretty ewing salary; and, lastly, Sirena's heart and hand, which, even should all others fail, would compensate for all: for I was quite sure that her "fondly papa" would retire with a spanking breeze of prize-money, whatever might become of the "financial bark," and the fair Sirena was his only heir.

On the following day the run on the bank continued. But so sure was I of my own future that I neglected my business to haunt the lobbies all day, in order to impress the insensate and clamorous depositors with my unimpaired confidence in the soundness of the concern. While doing so, however, I was somewhat surprised to meet Caleb Chintz, the ivy-crowned, genial, good-natured miser-scrivener of the village, whose good-natured smile seemed to be similar to my own.

"You have not lost confidence?" said he.

"By no means," I replied.

"Nor I," said he, in a loud voice, for the crowd to overhear. "My deposits amount to nine hundred dollars, and I would sooner trust them in the bank of Bladdersville than in my own, though, to tell you the truth," he added in a whisper, "Sirena has promised me—her Calebio, as she calls me, the dear sentimental creature—a place as paying-teller as soon as young Shuffles yonder steps out, and they already suspect him of drunkenness and gambling. Moreover, Sirena herself, you are well come in for the old man's pile. Do you twig?"

"Not exactly," said I, moving off, for the extent of his egotism in supposing that Sirena cared for *him* was insufferable, though it struck me as singular and coincidental that he should have been promised the place of Shuffles, whom I had never suspected of any greater love than an occasional game of dominoes for the beer.

It was a busy and exciting day for the bank, but the applicants were swiftly paid off one by one as they filed past the paying-teller's counter, with their checks or verified account-books in their hands, their clerks were smiling and jocular, and old Hornblower himself stood beamingly at the damask-curtained entrance to the directors' room, with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, his coat-flaps thrown back, his bald head glistening like a burnished eggplant in the sunshine, and with a half-commiserating, half-exulting upon his mobile lips, as he gazed upon the outer crowd, very much as if they were sight seers at a menagerie, and he the rarest lion or elephant on exhibition.

"If this terrible run upon our credit continues for a month or so," he was overheard to say to one of the directors at his side in a jovial, humorous tone, "we shall really have to call upon some of our reserved capital. These poor, frightened people must have their funds, you know, even if they have their pockets picked, or foolishly squander their savings the moment after leaving our doors."

This sally, which was got off in a half-deprecating, mock-anxious tone, occasioned a laugh throughout the room, but the eager throng showed no signs of abating their demands. There were many laughable instances of ignorance on the part of certain townsfolk and country-people concerning the cause and nature of the panic. One old woman brought some greenbacks to be exchanged for silver, under the impression that the national currency had been declared worthless; a market-gardener was in search of a number of bright, new eagles for notes, because he was told that the Gold Bank was in danger; and another agriculturist, even less sophisticated, hilariously presented his account-book with a bank that had failed two years before, with the expectation of having it cashed.

Towards the middle of the day I met another acquaintance and large depositor—Fred Jones, the undertaker's salesman, who also seemed to have nothing to do but chaff the crowd on their panic, and bolster up the credit of the concern.

"I'm glad you agree with me, and stick to the ship," said he loudly, though sinking his voice as he drew me to one side. "I'm not altogether so disinterested, you seem, my boy. Sirena has promised that her father shall make me bookkeeper as soon as poor Sniffles there dies of consumption, which can't be long, considering that cough of his. Besides, whether the bank swells or busts, old Hornblower will shin out rich, you know, and Sirena is the heiress. Eh?"

"To be sure!" said I

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

UNDER THE ROSES I HID MY HEART.

TO MISS NELLIE ST. JOHN. BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Under the roses I hid my heart
One June in the long ago,
My lover and I were far apart,
And joy was replaced by woe:
I knew while it slept 'neath the fragrant flow'rs
'Twould give me no further pain,
And then I could live through the dreary hours
Till my darling came home again.

Chorus.

Under the roses I hid my heart
One June in the long ago,
'Twas sore from the wound of Cupid's dart
And burden'd with care and woe.

Under the roses I hid my heart
One day when the sun was bright,
'Twas sore from the wound of Cupid's dart,
So I hurried it out of sight;
I knew if it stay'd in its bosom home
'Twould flutter, and fret and sigh,
And that's way I laid it beneath the loam
When my darling had said good-bye.

Chorus.

Under the roses I hid my heart
One June in the long ago,
'Twas sore from the wound of Cupid's dart
And burdened with care and woe.

Under the roses I hid my heart
When birds were in merry glee,
I could not endure the cruel smart
That fate had decreed for me:
I knew if I kept it these lonesome years,
'Twould worry me night and day,
And the rest of life would be one of tears
While my darling remained away.

Chorus.

Under the roses I hid my heart
One June in the long ago,
'Twas sore from the wound of Cupid's dart
And burden'd with care and woe.

Providence, R. I.

"THE EXILE, OR THE RUSSIAN DAUGHTER."

At the Park Theatre, in this city, a piece bearing the above title was produced Sept. 10, 1818. It had been originally performed in the same theatre April 27, 1810. The play was by Reynolds, and the music by Mazzinghi. We append a copy of a bill of its second production. Hopkins Robertson, who died in this city Nov. 10, 1819, was attached to the Richmond (Va.) Theatre at the time of its destruction by fire, and by his presence of mind saved many lives; James Howard, who had made his American debut Sept. 2, 1818, died in Philadelphia in 1848; James Pritchard died here Jan. 31, 1823; John Barnes died in Halifax, N. S., Aug. 28, 1841; Mr. Dykes went West about 1820, where he became one of the pioneers of the drama when that section of country was little more than a howling wilderness; Edmund Simpson died here July 31, 1848; Mr. Garner, who had made his American debut Sept. 3, 1818, died in Baltimore, Md., in 1843; Joseph Baldwin died here in 1843, and his comestone can be seen in the southwest corner of Trinity churchyard; John Johnson died here Oct. 25, 1819, aged 60 years—he left a daughter, who, as Mrs. Hilson, was for a long time an ornament to the local stage; Mrs. Wheatley died in this city July 18, 1872; Mrs. Baldwin, after the death of her husband, became Mrs. Walstein—she died here April 21, 1856, aged 78; Miss Catherine Leesugg, who made her American debut Sept. 1, 1818, married James H. Hackett in 1824, and died in Jamaica, L. I., Dec. 4, 1845; Miss Dellinger retired about 1820; James W. Wallack, who was underlined, had made his American debut Sept. 7, 1818, as Macbeth—he died here Dec. 25, 1864.

THEATRE
ON THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 10,
will be presented the grand operatic melo-dramatic romance of
THE EXILE, OR THE RUSSIAN DAUGHTER.

Count Alinska.....Mr. Robertson
Count Calmar.....Howard
In which character he will introduce the favorite song of "Love's a Gentleman."
Baron Altradoff.....
Mr. Pritchard | Yermak.....Mr Johnson
Servitz.....Mr. Barnes | Patriarch.....Mr. Graham
Governor of Tobolsk.....Mr Dykes | Countess.....Mrs. Wheatley
Mr. Dykes | Catherine.....Miss Johnson
Daran.....Mr. Simpson | Alexina.....Miss Leesugg
Menzikoff.....Mr. Garner | Old Villager.....Miss Dellinger
Rim-ski.....Mr. Baldwin

ACT 1, SCENE 1.—A mountainous country in Siberia. In the distance a rocky precipice, from a natural bridge of solid rock, on one side a small Siberian hut—the whole covered with snow. SCENE 3—A splendid apartment in the governor's house. At the end of Act 1—representation of a snow-storm.

ACT 2, SCENE 2—Splendid apartment in the president's house. SCENE 3—The emerald Tree. SCENE 4—The river Wolga. SCENE 4—View in Siberia. SCENE 6—The interior of a cathedral splendidly illuminated; in the centre a superb throne. In the crowd attending the coronation

WE'LL LET THE SUBJECT DROP.

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DEDICATED TO MISS ELLA MAYO, "DU DA DA," BY "ED." E. TEN EYCK.

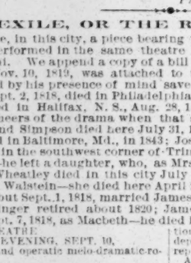
Life is, I'm sure, a funny thing,
'Tis nothing but a play;
But scenes and actors very queer
You'll find it day by day.
There's Jones, a deacon, last night was
As tipsy as a top;
Now, why 'gainst liquor does he rail?
We'll let the subject drop.
Chorus.—Oh, that's the way the world goes round—
All do their stop;
But if you ask me what they do—
We'll let the subject drop.

Young Archie, dear, the banker's clerk,
Is cutting quite a dash;
For women, taro, ruddy wine,
He throws away the cash.
His salary is but ten a week,
A poor man is his "pop;"
But, then, the banker's safe is—well,
We'll let the subject drop.
Chorus.—Oh, that's the way, etc.

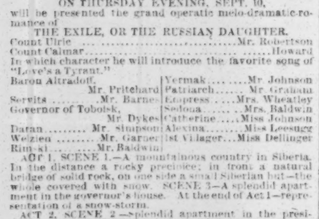
A pretty miss an old man weds
For money, not for love;
In silks and satins sweeps along
The old man's trusted dove;
But soon a lover doth appear
With her at ball and hop;
Were not the old man blind he'd see—
We'll let the subject drop.
Chorus.—Oh, that's the way the world goes round—
All do it—never stop;
But if you ask me why they do—
We'll let the subject drop.

OUR DOG-SHOW: introducing the Curious Canines therein Contained.

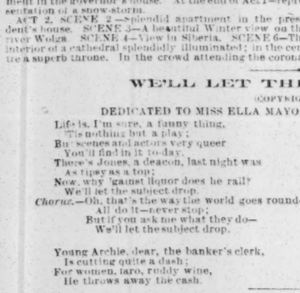
Not to be outdone by Philadelphia, where they have recently been holding a dog-show, and by way of anticipating the exhibition of cats, which Mr. Bunnell of the New American Museum threatens, we herewith call attention to our own remarkable display of educated dogs. They will proceed to perform a number of their most amusing tricks, beginning with what might be called "the prison-march." These four poodles are wonderfully intelligent animals. A trifle dogmatic, perhaps, in their opinions, but nevertheless quick to learn and willing to obey. It will be perceived that in "the prison march" the leader is obliged to walk on his hind-legs without any support. It is by the performance of such feats as this that he supports himself. The poodles having completed their march, they will retire long enough to permit the two famous terriers, Tom and Jerry, to make an appearance. Under direction of their trainer, they will mount the backs of four chairs, which are then tipped outward until any ordinary dog would either break in two or else slip off. It is to be remembered, however, that Tom and Jerry are not ordinary dogs. They neither break nor slip, but keep their paws fixed to the chairs without pausing to inquire the why or the wherefore. It may truthfully be said that the dogs "lay themselves out" in this act. They are expert contortionists, these terriers, and in their particular lines of business are probably without a rival. A word with respect to the trainer: That is not his own hair which he is performing a pyramid on his head. It is a part of the skull-cap which he wears; and, while it may not be considered an ornament, it is useful, because it serves to definguish him readily from the dogs. Let us next direct attention to the cylinder-walking feat, which follows. Our friend the trainer holds in his hands a hollow cylinder, the circumference of which is just large enough to admit the body of a dog. Through this the sagacious animals jump. Those who have never seen the feat performed may imagine that the dogs spring from the chair, but this is a grievous mistake. Starting with a run, they first clear the back of the chair with a bound, and then pass through the cylinder before alighting on their feet. It should be explained that the head and fore-feet which appear at the lower mouth of the cylinder do not belong to the dog whose hind-feet and tail are visible at the opposite extremity. A mistake like that would lead to confusion, because one half of the animal would be found of a different breed from the other half. Besides, it would be a reflection upon the dog's symmetry. It will be observed that in all these tricks the dogs accomplish what they set out to do with a precision and grace which are simply astonishing. This unusual degree of perfection is attained only after much patient practice. When, for example, we first began to teach the four poodles how to march, it was with the utmost difficulty that we could make the leader understand what was wanted. As the other three dogs had something to lean upon, it was natural that Scipio should expect similar encouragement; and it required a great deal of reasoning to convince him that he must walk on two legs, when nature had given him four. Now, however, he fully believes that the path of the upright dog, like that of the upright man, is full of pleasantness. It was also a most discouraging undertaking to teach the animals to walk on the revolving cylinder. For a long time they persisted in tumbling off—but we never lost patience. That is an invaluable requisite in training dogs. Nor did we resort to cruel treatment. On the other hand, the basis of our theory has always been moral suasion. Trusting to that and to tender beef, we have accomplished wonders. Any dog, however obstinate he may be by nature, is sure to yield to these two controlling influences; and it should perhaps be added that if the moral suasion happens to run short, the beef may still be applied with the certainty of speedy cure. We had intended to introduce a number of other highly amusing tricks, illustrative of the intelligence of our dogs; but as we do not want to make this exhibition too long, we have concluded to postpone some of the most marvelous performances until next week. Meantime, the curious canines will be regaled with more moral suasion and tender beef.



"THE PRISON-MARCH."

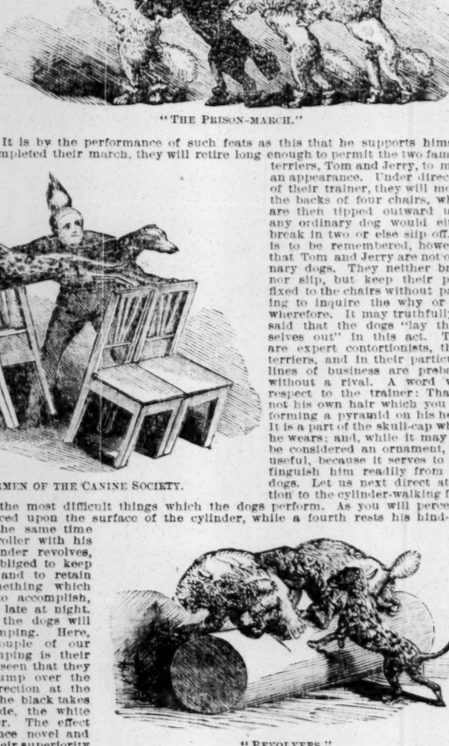


THE CHAIRMEN OF THE CANINE SOCIETY.



THE LIVELY JUMPERS.

"REVOLVERS."



GOING THROUGH.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES. NO. XLVI.

AMONG THE WILD-BEAST TAMERS.

Rambling and hurried as they must necessarily be, a few lines about the noted animal-tamers of the past will derive additional interest as an accompaniment to the obituary of Herr Driesbach, one whom many workers in the sawdust arena or the menagerie van fancied had passed away long ago, but who died only on the 5th inst.

Among the earliest to find amusement in the roar and rage of wild beasts in the arena was the Great Pompey of Rome, who on one occasion exhibited no less a number of lions than six hundred. History records that Marc Antony, seated in a car with a lady by his side, once drove a pair of harnessed lions round the arena of the Coliseum. They were sick lions, rather than trained ones, we should say. Among the earliest animals to be trained were bears, and their trainers were the far remote Anglo-Saxons. As to lions, Isaac Van Amburgh, who died at Sam Miller's Hotel, Philadelphia, twelve years ago, or in 1865, was regarded as both the earliest and the chief of the trainers of modern times. That he was the chief is undeniable. That he was the earliest in modern times is not so clear. It is uncertain when Van Amburgh began. His first prominent appearance in this city was at the Richmond Hill Theatre, in Varick street, when old Nate Howes opened it as a hippodramatic house, and when among the actors were Frank Fenno, a brother of General John C. of Presidential aspirations (in 1856) and Charles R. Thorne Sr. This was in 1833, at which period Wombwell's Menagerie, in England, had an animal-keeper who was wont to seat himself upon the back of a lazy lion, stretch open his jaws, etc. But Van Amburgh was a performer of repute long before 1833, while the Wombwell trainer, even if he exhibited the old lion prior to Van Amburgh's time, was of so slight a repute that not even his name has descended to us. So early as 1824 Van Amburgh was an equestrian, and a wrestler on horseback with a tiger, at the Bowery Theatre, in a piece called "The Lion Lord," written for him by the hapless Louisa Medina; and four years later, across the way from the Bowery Theatre, in what was then the Zoological Institute, he precipitated the scriptural prophecy as to the lion and the lamb by introducing a child into the cage of the so-called king of beasts. Van Amburgh continued to perform until about 1856, and accompanied his menagerie almost until his death, which was somewhat unexpected except possibly among familiars. It is surmised that Van Amburgh's contemporary, already referred to, was Manchester Jack, as he was called, who died in 1850. Wombwell concern when, thirty-nine years ago, Van went to England. Retiring from the profession, Jack became an innkeeper in Taunton, and died in 1865, a year especially fatal to lion-tamers. The first female lion-tamer was James Carter, another Englishman, who was in this country at the time Van Amburgh first visited Great Britain, and who at our theatres gave the same quadrupedramatic performances that had been rendered familiar by Van Amburgh. Carter's stay in this country was comparatively brief, being about equal to that of Cooke's Circus at the same period, and he died in England in 1847. "Old Carter," a lion named after him, died in this country but a short time ago.

In 1845 a lion-queen named White was a feature of Batty's Circus in England. He sported with leopards, as well as with lions and tigers; but he was not a Carter, and much less was he a Van Amburgh. Then came James Crockett. He was the son of a cooper of Petersham, Mass., and ran away from home upon the garden of an Elizabethan mansion, the owner thereof being Sir Marmaduke Poindexter. There is a chorus of rustic yokels, and the caricature of sentimental opera commences with the opening scene, for the countrymen in smock-frocks and hats sing an operatic chorus that at once provoked a roar of laughter. Their chorus is to the effect that Aline Sangazure is about to be betrothed to Alexis, the Baronet's son. The next incident furnishes us with a further revelation of the story. In company with Mrs. Partlett, a pew-opener, Constance, a pupil-teacher, is heard bewailing her hopeless passion for the Vicar, Dr. Daly, in a pretty melody. The Vicar himself, who has lived single all these years, is not altogether insensible—sometimes the spirit moves him. 'Time was when love and I were well acquainted,' he sings in a quaint ballad. He recalls how once upon a time, when he was a pale young curate, the maidens 'forsook even the military' for him, and left half the girls in the parish trembled. Mrs. Partlett, the pew-opener, suggests that Constance should sat her cap at the Vicar in earnest; but as yet the good man is not to be caught, and presently the betrothed young lady comes upon the scene. Aline sings a graceful ballad, 'Oh, Happy Young Heart,' and there is an amusing scene, in which the ancient and modern styles of love-making are cleverly contrasted by the Baronet on the one hand, and Alined's mamma, Lady Sangazure, on the other. But now we get to the very marrow of the subject. It appears that Alexis has an idea that everybody should marry for love, and love only. He has found in St. Mary Axe, of all places, a firm of 'Family Sorcerers,' and a member of the firm, Mr. Wells, has come down to the village prepared to supply a 'patent love-at-first-sight philtre,' in any quantity, the effect of which will be to make anybody fall in love immediately with the first person of the other sex they meet with. A grand row and fight follows, the 'Sorcerer' having mixed a quantity of the philtre with the bohea, and the curtain falls upon the general bewilderment caused by the action of the love-potion. In the second act we are shown the results. Constance, the pupil-teacher, begins by falling in love with a rusty, musty, deaf old lawyer, and Sir Marmaduke has already proposed to Mrs. Partlett, the pew-opener; while the Vicar cannot understand what ails the villagers, all the unmarried people of the place requiring him to unite them as speedily as possible. A quintet is introduced in this scene, which is certainly the gem of the opera. It is written with delightful fluency and grace, is admirably harmonized, and the melody is as fresh as May dew. It was redemanded at each one voice, so unanimous was the verdict of approval. This is followed by a very comic scene between the Sorcerer and Lady Sangazure. Nemesis has caught the vendor of the love-potion, for the elderly dame falls violently in love with him. She will make any sacrifice. The next scene brings us to a climax. In order to test Aline's affection her lover persuades her to take the potion. She has hardly done so when the Vicar enters playing the flageolet and singing a lovelorn ditty. He is the first man the heroine sees after taking the philtre, and poor Alexis is horrified when he enters to find his betrothed and the Vicar in close embrace. But the clergyman declares that he will be no hindrance to their happiness, and the conscience-stricken Sorcerer, seeing the mischief he has made, sacrifices himself, and goes down below, a la Don Giovanni, calmly brushing his hat the while. The spell is thus dissolved, and all ends happily to a grotesque chorus." Miss Alice May appeared as the Aline, Miss Gullia Warwick as Constance, Miss Evernden as Mrs. Partlett, Richard Temple as Sir Marmaduke, Mrs. Howard Paul as Lady Sangazure, R. Barrington as the Vicar, and G. Bentham as Alexis.

ACCIDENTS BY ROAD AND RAIL.—M. Gartiaux has published some curious statistics on the dangers of traveling by land in France. He says that in the diligence days a man had one chance of being killed in 300,000 trips, and one chance of being injured in 30,000. On the railway between 1835 and 1855 there was one chance of being killed in 2,000,000 journeys, and one chance of being injured in 500,000. From 1855 to 1875, one chance of being killed in making 5,000,000 journeys, and one chance of being injured in 600,000. Now the chances of being killed are as one to 15,000,000, and of being injured one to 1,000,000. Consequently a person traveling ten hours a day at the rate of forty miles an hour would in the first period have had a chance of escaping destruction during 321 years; during the second period 1,104 years; and between 1872 and 1873, 7,439 years.

TAKING IT OUT IN HIDE.—A hundred lashes is a forfeiture which can be taken with more precision than Shylock's pound of flesh. A negro living near Warrenton, Ga., recently asked a white neighbor to lend him some money. The capitalist declined, on the ground that there was no chance of getting it back. The applicant voluntarily offered to pay the penalty of a hundred lashes if he failed to meet his obligation at the appointed time. The money was not repaid when due, the creditor proceeded to take the debt out of the negro's hide. When he had got fifty dollars' worth, White told Black that he could go on the farm and work out the remainder, but the latter insisted that the debt should be canceled with the lash, according to the bond, and it was done.

Mr. Hyatt Frost, who probably knows the veteran's history as thoroughly as any other living person. Driesbach had a cosy place near Wooster, and there for many years he kept a hotel, the latch-string of which was out always for showmen to catch hold of as a refuge. Among the curiosities he had on his farm in 1855 was Levi North's horse Ruben, left there to die, but which refused to give up the ghost, although represented to be then forty years old—a statement that Driesbach himself always declined to credit. At last the old man himself is at rest, our only cue for this insufficient sketch of him being the appended notice, which we found in the regular death-column of *The Philadelphia Ledger*:

DRIESBACH.—On the 5th inst., at Apple Creek Station, Wayne County, Ohio, Herr Driesbach, the well known lion-tamer of forty years ago, aged about 70 years.

AUGUST PREDIGAM.

While descending the stairway of the Stamm House, Wheeling, W. Va., on Dec. 4, this well-known musician was prostrated by an apoplectic fit. Medical aid was powerless to restore him to consciousness, and he died shortly afterwards. He had been suffering from a cold for some days, but not to the extent of interfering with hisprofessional duties, and the night before had led the orchestra at the Wheeling Opera-house, having arrived in Wheeling on Dec. 3. Mr. Predigam was perhaps better known in New Orleans than in any other American city. He was born in 1826 in Strasburg, that city for whose possession France and Germany have repeatedly struggled, and which, now a part of Germany, then belonged to France. He had a physique that gave him a commanding appearance, had been in the musical profession about thirty-five years, at one period was a bouffa-leader at the Theatre des Varieties and the Opera Comique, Paris, and during his labors in that city he was created by the Emperor Louis Napoleon a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He came to this country about 1859, and procured an engagement as leader of the orchestra at the French Opera, New Orleans. Of late years he had been musical conductor for the Aimee Opera-bouffe Troupe, as well as for the Kellogg English-opera Company, and three months ago, at the beginning of the present season, he transferred his baton to the orchestra of Alice Oates' Troupe, with which he continued until his sad death. With one or another of these troupes he had appeared in nearly every city of note in America. As a mark of respect, no performance was given at the Wheeling Opera-house on the night of Dec. 4. Save the lady who has thus suddenly become a widow, there is no relative of his in this country. He was accompanied him. The obsequies took place from the Stamm House on the morning of the 6th, Alice Oates and the bulk of her troupe being in attendance, and the Rev. J. T. Sullivan of the Cathedral being the officiating clergyman. The pall was of white, with silver handles, and among the floral tributes were a cross and an anchor contributed by the Oates Troupe. The pallbearers were Messrs. Gustavus F. Hall, Harry Allen, Aug. Kraemer and Charles Decker. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery, Wheeling, and is but temporary. It is probable that the remains will ultimately be taken to France.

THE LATE MRS. WALTER LACY.

Several months ago the name of this lady occurred in an odd bill under review, and we classed it among probable hoaxes. We have now made their last exit. Shortly afterwards a note was received in which we were desired to correct our record, for the reason that "Mrs Walter Lacy is still living in London." Making no direct reference to this note of correction, we published in full the following letter in the lady's name in it came up for review, and then gave the date of her death. A valued contributor now writes: "I am [not] convinced about Mrs. Lacy's death. I cannot find any record of it, and I watch these matters very much. Can you help me in this direction? I will do which it is in our power to comply. In THE CLIPPER of Aug. 29, 1874, is: "Mrs. Walter Lacy died on July 28, after a long and painful illness, at the residence of her husband, Montpelier square, Brompton, London. Deceased was but 37 years. She married Walter Lacy in 1839." The veteran English actor whose eye has missed the foregoing paragraph, and who has probably searched in vain for the substance of it among the standing list of deaths in the English annual of which he seems to have preserved copies, will find it corroborated on p. 55 of that annual for 1875.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"SHOOTING STARS" is the title of a new musical extravaganza, by H. B. Farnie, founded upon the opera-bouffe "L'Oeil Creve," and first acted at the Folly Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 22. The opera-bouffe is compressed greatly, and the three acts of the original are reduced to five short and lively scenes, in which the main outline of the story is preserved. In the first scene we have the Charlemain telling us the story of the young ladies, and we have the love-making of Lexandrivre, betrothed pupils of the archers, and Dindonette, to hear of the grand archery meeting about to take place, in which Fleur De Noblesse is to be given as prize by the Marquis, her papa, to the successful archer who hits the bull's-eye. But Fleur De Noblesse, true to the instinct of what Darwin calls "natural selection," sticks to her carpenter love, a lout who would, have but little chance of winning her if the heroine had not concealed herself behind the target ready to stick an arrow there to secure her lover's triumph. But Alexandrivoire cannot see his reputation as a toxophilite is thus shattered. He draws a bow, but the result is that he hits, not the target, but Fleur De Noblesse; is arrested and imprisoned; but Dindonette, in the guise of a physician, pretending to pull out the arrow from the wounded young lady, at the same time secures the freedom of her lover; and in the nick of time a mysterious personage, dressed in black, and looking like a brigand who has changed his profession to that of chimney-sweep, appears and proclaims himself to be the father of Fleur De Noblesse. Both pairs of lovers are made happy, and in little more than an hour the curtain falls upon "Shooting Stars," which, being brisk in action, and retaining a large portion of Herve's pretty music, furnishes a merry afterpiece.

"THE SORCERER," a new comic English opera, written by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan, was produced at the Opera Comique, London, Nov. 17. The story is told as follows: "After a brief overture, the curtain rises upon the garden of an Elizabethan mansion, the owner thereof being Sir Marmaduke Poindexter. There is a chorus of rustic yokels, and the caricature of sentimental opera commences with the opening scene, for the countrymen in smock-frocks and hats sing an operatic chorus that at once provoked a roar of laughter. Their chorus is to the effect that Aline Sangazure is about to be betrothed to Alexis, the Baronet's son. The next incident furnishes us with a further revelation of the story. In company with Mrs. Partlett, a pew-opener, Constance, a pupil-teacher, is heard bewailing her hopeless passion for the Vicar, Dr. Daly, in a pretty melody. The Vicar himself, who has lived single all these years, is not altogether insensible—sometimes the spirit moves him. 'Time was when love and I were well acquainted,' he sings in a quaint ballad. He recalls how once upon a time, when he was a pale young curate, the maidens 'forsook even the military' for him, and left half the girls in the parish trembled. Mrs. Partlett, the pew-opener, suggests that Constance should sat her cap at the Vicar in earnest; but as yet the good man is not to be caught, and presently the betrothed young lady comes upon the scene. Aline sings a graceful ballad, 'Oh, Happy Young Heart,' and there is an amusing scene, in which the ancient and modern styles of love-making are cleverly contrasted by the Baronet on the one hand, and Alined's mamma, Lady Sangazure, on the other. But now we get to the very marrow of the subject. It appears that Alexis has an idea that everybody should marry for love, and love only. He has found in St. Mary Axe, of all places, a firm of 'Family Sorcerers,' and a member of the firm, Mr. Wells, has come down to the village prepared to supply a 'patent love-at-first-sight philtre,' in any quantity, the effect of which will be to make anybody fall in love immediately with the first person of the other sex they meet with. A grand row and fight follows, the 'Sorcerer' having mixed a quantity of the philtre with the bohea, and the curtain falls upon the general bewilderment caused by the action of the love-potion. In the second act we are shown the results. Constance, the pupil-teacher, begins by falling in love with a rusty, musty, deaf old lawyer, and Sir Marmaduke has already proposed to Mrs. Partlett, the pew-opener; while the Vicar cannot understand what ails the villagers, all the unmarried people of the place requiring him to unite them as speedily as possible. A quintet is introduced in this scene, which is certainly the gem of the opera. It is written with delightful fluency and grace, is admirably harmonized, and the melody is as fresh as May dew. It was redemanded at each one voice, so unanimous was the verdict of approval. This is followed by a very comic scene between the Sorcerer and Lady Sangazure. Nemesis has caught the vendor of the love-potion, for the elderly dame falls violently in love with him. She will make any sacrifice. The next scene brings us to a climax. In order to test Aline's affection her lover persuades her to take the potion. She has hardly done so when the Vicar enters playing the flageolet and singing a lovelorn ditty. He is the first man the heroine sees after taking the philtre, and poor Alexis is horrified when he enters to find his betrothed and the Vicar in close embrace. But the clergyman declares that he will be no hindrance to their happiness, and the conscience-stricken Sorcerer, seeing the mischief he has made, sacrifices himself, and goes down below, a la Don Giovanni, calmly brushing his hat the while. The spell is thus dissolved, and all ends happily to a grotesque chorus." Miss Alice May appeared as the Aline, Miss Gullia Warwick as Constance, Miss Evernden as Mrs. Partlett, Richard Temple as Sir Marmaduke, Mrs. Howard Paul as Lady Sangazure, R. Barrington as the Vicar, and G. Bentham as Alexis.

BASEBALL.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

The Pitching of 1877.

In giving our second chapter on the pitching of 1877 we shall comment at length on the rules governing the delivery of the ball, a subject which is one of the most important that the committee on the rules have to consider. The first point is the question: "What is pitching?" To pitch a ball, in baseball, is simply to *toss* it to the bat. This is done by either a slow or a swift toss. Now, to pitch or toss a ball to the bat swiftly, and at the same time with any accuracy of aim, is something very few square pitchers can do. We have yet to see the first player who, by "a square delivery" in pitching, could send the ball over the base, and at a specified height from the ground, three times out of six trials. In the old days of the square pitch the delays arising from the wild delivery of pitchers who aimed to imitate Creighton in speed led to tedious contests of three, and even four hours' duration. We remember games, when Hannigan of the old Union nine of Morrisania used to pitch, which occupied over three hours as a regular thing. He pitched squarely, but, trying solely for speed, could not command the ball. We have seen a batsman wait until thirty or forty balls passed him before one came within fair reach of the bat, from this class of square pitchers. Underhand pitching was the order of the day twenty years ago, among such pitchers as Tom Van Cott of the Gothams, Frank Pidgeon of the Eckfords, Thorn of the Empires, Bixby of the Eagles, Russell of the Excelsiors, Dakin of the Putnams, Burns of the Mutuals, etc. Afterwards came the era of swift pitching inaugurated by Creighton, who sent in a ball with speed and accuracy combined, but only through the medium of a well disguised underhand throw. We saw that this style of delivery must eventually be the regular one, and therefore went to work to get it legalized. For some years the rules of the old National Association plainly prohibited any style of delivering the ball except that of the square pitch; and yet scarcely a leading pitcher who played under the rules observed the law. After the Professional Association was organized we got the rule changed so as to admit of the underhand-throw delivery. As regards the speed of the pitcher's delivery, that must always be regulated by the ability of the catcher to stop or hold the ball. If the pace goes beyond the catcher's power to prevent passed balls, then the speed of the delivery necessarily becomes too costly to be continued. More speed is no longer an element of success in pitching. Unless it is combined with a command of the ball sufficient to carry out strategic play, it is worse than useless. Command of the ball in delivery is the first great essential of success, and this the underhand throw alone gives. Alone time, for a period of several seasons, Alphonse Martin bothered the old batsmen by his remarkable skill in strategic pitching. He had great command of the ball, but no speed; he tossed the ball in slow, and with such judgment as to secure from his batting opponents six chances for catches from the batsman to one by the swift pitchers. His pitching, of course, required excellent field support, and with this at command he proved to be very successful for a few seasons, especially as a change-pitcher following a swift delivery. But skillful batsmen can as easily punish the best of "slows" as they can straight swift balls, and it was not long before the Martin style of pitching became too easily punished to be longer available. So much for the several styles of delivery which have come up for the time of the organization of the League Association.

With the general introduction of the underhand throw came the curved-line delivery, first brought into notice by Candy Cummings, of the old Star of the Star Club nine of Brooklyn of ten years ago. This curve can only be accomplished by the underhand throw. With the power to cause the ball to revolve to the right or left, and at the same time have thorough command of it, a pitcher may be said to have reached a point of excellence to play in his position, of course including the other essentials of endurance, pluck, good temper and sound judgment. What with the swift pitching and the curved-line delivery, the batsmen of each season have been treated to a class of pitchers who have improved their play at least fifty per cent. over that of ten years ago, or even of a more recent period. Let any one of the leading batsmen of 1877 be placed face to face with the old-style pitchers, and he would find the base-hit style by no means easy. The curved-line pitching has trained up batsmen as no other delivery could have done. It has been hard work for catchers, but it has even improved them, as the past season's play behind the bat fully proves.

In regard to the rule governing the delivery of the ball, there can be but one simple wording of the law, and that is to limit the height of the hand in the forward swing made in pitching or throwing to the level of the hip. A legal throw cannot be made if the hand passes below that of the hip. It must be swung forward below that line. By this rule the umpire in a match can readily define whether the delivery is legal or not. A swiftly-pitched ball, without any rotary motion imparted to it, which yields the curved line, is very easy to punish by a keen-sighted, nervy batsman. A swiftly-pitched ball, while it puzzles the eye and tries the nerve of a young or inexperienced batsman, enables the skillful player to secure base hits without difficulty, inasmuch as it comes straight from the hands of the pitcher, and is easier to judge, therefore, than the ordinary curved line of a passer delivery. Speed without command of the ball is worse than useless, as it not only offers chances for scoring bases on called balls, but it leads to more bases being run from passed balls than it yields chances for outs for the fielders. Slow pitching is entirely out of date. All styles of pitching, when aided by thorough command of the ball and good judgment, are backed up by good support in the field, are more or less effective; but slow pitching is the least advantageous method.

One rule of success in delivering the ball to the bat, which was largely observed in 1877, is that which we may call "how not to do it"—that is, to so pitch the ball as to send it out of the fair reach of the batsman's willingness to hit, or cause it to be called balls. As a general rule, if you have a catcher who is prompt in his returns, and you can send in the ball with a telling curve, the best plan is to pitch over the base all the time. It is a fact that the batsman is kept on the nervous stretch of having to be prepared to meet and hit every ball sent in to him. As a general rule, few batsmen are ready for the first ball, and still fewer prepared to meet a ball following a straight one right at the bat. The hardest balls to judge and hit safely are such as come in with a curve; but the curve must be steadily followed up. It won't do to send in the curve when you do not know whether the ball will curve or not, as in such case nine times out of ten the ball will pass over the base, and it is therefore wasted. Hence the advantage of a thorough command of the ball with a straight delivery over a curved-line delivery, where the curve is not at complete command of the pitcher.

Pitchers for the season of 1878 will do well to remember the following essential facts in regard to effective pitching: The first is thorough command of the ball in delivery; the second is the possession of pluck in facing the swiftest-batted balls; third, the judgment to await your advantage at the bat by skill or strategic play; fourth, the control of temper sufficient to bear with the annoyance of poor support in the field or of punishment from the batsman; and, lastly, the endurance to bear the fatigue of steady work in a long and closely contested game. Speed without command of the ball is too costly; while the want of courage and pluck in the position prevents a pitcher from using his judgment with effect. Without a pitcher upon his head the rest is worth it becomes only a mere machine pitcher, one whom any experienced and skillful batsman can easily punish.

THE ORANGE CLUB.

This professional organization went through their first season in 1877 with fair success, winning seventeen and losing twelve games of the number they played. Their manager, Mr. Walter Cummings, in his communication to us says: "In the early part of March, of the present year, a meeting of gentlemen interested in the success of baseball in this vicinity was held at Orange, N. J. The result of this meeting was the organization of the Orange Club on a professional basis. Several hundred dollars were subscribed, and a board of directors were elected, with authority to select players and make all the preparations necessary for an active campaign. The opening of the season saw the club in good standing, financially, and as it was represented by a strong nine of picked players, a successful season was anticipated by all. For a time everything looked blooming, and the success of our new venture seemed assured. After the first few games, however, this state of affairs suddenly changed. The receipts at the gate fell off, and the players became dissatisfied with the way in which affairs were managed by the directors. Notwithstanding this unfortunate state of affairs, a majority of the directors were desirous of continuing the club under a new management, and to this end another meeting of the directors was called. At this meeting, it was decided to turn over the club into the hands of Mr. Frank Haff, the present president, who had purchased the entire interest in the club and grounds. Under his energetic management everything went along smoothly, and the club was brought up to be first-class in every respect. Appended is a table of games won and lost, together with the batting and fielding average of each player;

VICTORIES.

May 19, Orange vs. Mutual, at Orange, N. J.	11	4
May 25, Orange vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth	4	3
May 30, Orange vs. Brooklyn, at Orange	6	1
June 23, Orange vs. Randolph, at Newark	8	5
June 26, Orange vs. Keystone, at Orange	12	2
June 30, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange	21	0
July 5, Orange vs. Arlington, at Orange	3	0
July 11, Orange vs. Boonton, at Orange	17	10
July 14, Orange vs. Franklin, at Orange	16	1
July 24, Orange vs. Chelsea, at Orange	10	7
July 28, Orange vs. Resolute, at Orange	7	1
Aug. 2, Orange vs. Chelsea, at Union Ground's	5	3
Aug. 4, Orange vs. Chelsea, at Orange (7 innings)	14	12
Aug. 7, Orange vs. Enterprise, at Orange	8	1
Aug. 11, Orange vs. Resolute, at Orange (10 innings)	7	4
June 30, Orange vs. Domestic, at Orange	13	10
Sept. 5, Orange vs. Winona, at Orange	36	6
	188	80

DEFEATS.

May 12, Resolute vs. Orangee, at Orange (10 in's.)	11	8
May 15, Brooklyn vs. Orange, at Orange	7	3
May 26, Chelsea vs. Orange, at Orange	4	2
June 1, Princeton vs. Orange, at Princeton	6	2
June 9, Resolute vs. Orange, at Orange	6	3
July 4, Resolute vs Orange, at Orange	6	5
July 21, Chelsea vs. Orange, rt Orange	4	3
Aug. 22, Louisville vs. Orange, at Orange	5	3
Aug. 25, Wilkesbarre, vs. Orange, at Orange	11	3
Sept. 15, Chelsea vs. Orange, at Orange	2	0
Sept. 17, Harvard vs. Orange, at Orange	6	3
Sept. 29, Chelsea vs. Orange, at Orange	8	3
	76	40

	Games.	Times at Bat.	Total Runs.	Total Base Hits.	Total Fielding Chances.	Total Errors.	Fielding Average.
Shandley, l. f.	24	91	25	4	2.16	24	
F. McGee, 2d b.	21	85	17	14	1.69	10	
Smalley, s. s.	21	82	26	13	1.52	12	
Smith, 3d b.	20	78	21	16	1.25	13	
Reid, c.	19	76	20	15	1.30	13	
Bach, p.	17	72	29	18	1.30	23	
Platt, c. f. and 1st b.	16	13	101	13	1.50	11	
Connelly, c. f. and 1st b.	16	16	56	16	1.50	12	
Ward, r. f. and p.	13	14	23	12	1.16	35	
Crane 1st b. and s. s.	8	12	71	4	1.50	05	
J. McGee, r. f.	6	7	2	2	1.16	10	
O'Neill, p. and r. f.	6	7	2	2	1.16	30	
Kelly, c.	6	9	23	10	1.50	30	
Williams, c.	5	5	22	11	1.50	33	
Malone, 1st b.	4	3	43	1	2.25	02	

PASTIME vs. AMATEUR.

A very interesting game was played at Galveston, Texas, Nov. 25, between the above clubs, the Amateurs winning by one run, as follows;

AMATEUR.	R.	PASTIME.	R.
L. Compton, 3d b.	0	O'Regan, s. s.	0
Hawley, s. s.	0

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 10.

LADIES' LIST.

Allayne, Kittie (2)
Allen, Mrs. J.
Antonio, Martha
Allen, Mrs. (of Allen Sisters)
Armstrong, Georgie
Blande, Edith
Byron, Lizzie
Bretto, Emma
Bartello, Mrs. Carrie (2)
Byron Sisters
Burdick, Dora M.
Bradley, Leanora (2)
Clyde, Minnie (vocalist)
Cory Sisters, The
Claxton, Kate
Carlyle, Viola
Crabtree, Lotta
ClaireSisters(gymnasts)
Conroy, Mrs. Jessie A.
Cummings, Minnie
Clancy, Miss V. G.
Clark, Lillian C.
Caselli, Fannie
Denton, Annie
Donovan, Hattie
Devere, Clara
Eldridge, Lillie
Esmond, Ella
Erne, Nellie (of Emerson's Minx.)
Ezzeltine Sisters
Everleigh, Kate
Edwards, Mrs. Lizzie
Emmitt, Kittie
Emerson, Dollie
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Fontainbleau, Blanche (2)
France, Mrs. Kate
Griffiths, Laura
Granger, Maude
Grant, Ethel
Gray, Ada
Harland, Rose
Herbert, Eugenia
Hughes, May
Irwin Sisters (2)
Ilerd, Belle
Imogene, — (actress)
Johnston, Mrs. R. G.
Johnson, Kitty
Janauschek, Fannie
Kane, Georgie (of Paston's Co.)
Little Minnie (variety "biz")
Lucille, Fannie (2)
Lorenzo & Mme. H.
Lee, Jennie
Lane, Ione
Leslie, Jennie
May, Georgie
Mansfield, Alice (2)
McDonald, Mattie
Montague, Miss L. (of RentzsMins. &c
Morrison, Bertha (late of St. Louis)
Macarte, Madame (2)
Markham, Pauline
Marshall, Florence (late of Boston)
Mitchell, Maggie
McCurren, Mrs. M. A.
Newman, Alice (of Wallace-VillaCo.
Oakden, Gertrude
Pearl, Robbie
Parker, Georgiedc.
Parker, Kittie
Rowe, Mrs. G. Fawcett
Richmond, Adah
Rober, Sadie
Richardson, Miss Frank
Richmond Sisters
Richards, Nella (of CoraValentineCo.)
Robeson, Erba
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Roberts, Miss (of Grover's Co.)
Swedish Lady Vocalists
Stanhope, Adelaide
Stanley, Charlotte M.
St. Felix, Clementine
St. Felix, Henrietta (2)
Sanville, Tillie
Swift, Sallie Sr.
St. Felix, Mrs. Mary
Seymour, Mrs. May
Seymour, Mrs. Mate
St. Felix, Leonora
St. Felix, Charlotte
Taylor, Nellie (of Park Theatre, Co.)
Viola, Gussie (2)
Watkins, Rose A.
Wentworth, Carrie
Williams, Gussie (2)
Woods, Jennie
Wiley, Dora
Watson, Mrs. Louise
Whitland, Kittie (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allayne, E. T. J. (2)
Aiken, F.
Aubrey, Robt. Sc. Ames, F. (of Comique, Cincinnati)
Adams, Jas. S.
Blossom, Nat
Benny, Ed.
Byron, C.
Bogle, Jas. E.
Burgess, Cool
Barlow, Wm. A.
Bennett, F.
Bowen, Wm F.
Benedict, Lew
Brown, E. B.
Byrnes Comedy Co., Manager
Birch, F. T.
Bugh, Jas.
Bruno, Gus
Baugh, Thos. (music)
Brimer, Ike (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Brunner, Frank
Bartlo, Sam
Buford, Harry
Brooks, W. A.
Buhr, Fred
Beler, Frank (cornetist)
Carleton, F. (of The Conn. Cleveland)
Clapham, Henry J. (2)
Carroll, R. M.
Clarke, Kit
Cohan, Jerry
Cole, Mr. (of Cole's Circus (2)
Carlisle & Caverly
Cody, W. F.
Cook, Arthur
Clough, W. C.
Collins, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Connors & Weed
Cook, De Witt
Carr, F. B.
Connor, Chas. (late of Hayes's Co.)
Cowell, Julien
Cummings, Jas H.
Cone, Spencer H.
Collins, Lew
Clark, Burt
Driesbach, Rush
Drayton, Herr
Delaney, Clikney, Sam. E.
Devere, Sam
Draper, S (of Wagner's Minst.)
Daly, Bolivar
Dow, Howard M.
Douglass, B. (manager)
Dobson, Mr. (manager Wallace Sist.)
Dorr, Howard, T.
Dowling, J. J. (2)
Dykeman, Edward
De Barr, Bert
Edwards, Geo. H.
Emidy, R. S.
Elliot, Ed. K. (3)
Emilee, Wm.
Emmet, J. K.
Emmerson & Clark
Everett, Geo. (2)
Edmunds, Leslie
Ellis, Sam
Fitzgerald, Alex.
Francy, Geo.
Foster & Hughes
Foster, Hernando
Fostelle, Chas.
Findley, Fred
Fitzgerald & Lacy
Francis & Willcott
Farwell, Owen
Freeman, J. H.
Franklin, Wynn
Forepaugh, Wm.
Fennessy, Jno.
Fields, Frank (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Franklin J. C.
Freund, Frank or W. A.
Griste, Chas. B.
Gilmore, C. (of Gibbons & Russell)
Gregston, W. A.Sc.
Gibbons & Russell
Gyneth, Harry
Gaston, Albert
Gregory, C. J. (2)
Gilmore, Jas. E. O'Brien's Cir.)
Goldrich, Peter
Glassford, Walter
Grover, J. Amine
Green, J. (of European Cir.)
Geyer, Albert (2)
Gordon, Fritz
Galvin, C. M.
Gale, Walter
Goodrich, E. T.
Gill, Willie
Goodyear, Chas. M.
Gulick, Joe A.
Gardner, Charlie
Hamilton, Wiley
Hedges, T.
Holbrook, Dave
Howard, Harry T.
Hayle, Billy
Hall, E. M.
Hutchinson Family (contortionists)
Hodges, B. S.
Holly, Jas.
Heppard, M. (pianist)
Hernandes, Montie (2)
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hotto, Harry
Hennessey Bros.
Harrold, Andy (2)
Harrison, Wm. B. (Secy. A. D. Fund)
Holston, A. I.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Heed, Geo. H.
Hart, T. (of London Circus)
Hallinan, Jas. 6c.
Harris & Carroll
Healy & Conway
Hogan & Emmerson
Howard, Chas. L.
Hall, Robt. H.
Hart, Harry
Johnson, W. H. C.
Jefferson, Joe
Krebs, Carl R.
Keating, J. (of Pastor's Co.)
Kessler, Henry
Kelly, Thos. (late of Harmony Sis. Cir.)
Kent, Frank
Knollman, Chas.
Keen, Julie
Kent, Julien
Keating, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Keen, — (of Queen's Cir.)
Le Clair, Jas. (trapezeist)
Leslie, Thos. F.
Long, T. B. (musician)
Lesta, Wm. G.
Lennox, Geo. J.
Lindley, H. (manager)
Lowry, C. H.
Lagrange, John
Lennon, John
Leonard, Prof.
Lamb, Rudolph, M. (gymnast)
Lellingwell, M. W.
Melville, W. S.
Mackenzie, Archie
McAllister, Billy (2)
Martin, Sam
Marney, Chas.
Milligan, Phil
Mace, W. B.
Martino, Prof.
McCullough, John
McVeigh, John
Mowry, Neil
Morton, Johnny
Morris Bros.
Minst., Manager
McCullough, —
McAuley & Bell
McAdow, D. (of E. Abbott's Co.)
Murphy & Shannon
Meredith, Harry
Marks Family (of Robinson's Cir.)
Murphy & Morton
Maretzek, Max
Mack, Lester
Wells, H. C. (2)
Wilson, Jas. (of O Brien's Cir.)
Wood, J. E. (late of New York) 3c.
Williams, — (change-artist.)
Warren, J. E. (of K. Claxton's Co.) (2)
Whittaker, John A.
Westergard, Robt.
Walker, T. (of Adah Richmond's Co.)
Whiting, Chas. & Annie
White, Archie
Warren, Wm.
Weaver, Adah
Willard, Frank
Yude, Mons.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 10, '77.

"Press and public" are deeply exercised over the subject of the depression in theatricals and amusements generally, one and all endeavoring to account for this remarkable state of affairs by advancing theories, no two of which are at all alike. One journal suggests that it is owing to the high prices of admission; another attributes the lull to bad acting; another to the scarcity of good players; and yet another to the dead-head system, etc. Has it occurred to our contemporaries that the bad business complained of is not confined to the theatres? Do they not know that every branch of our industries has suffered terribly during the past few years? Do they not know that many of the oldest firms in the country have been compelled to wind up their affairs on account of the falling off in their trade? Houses of established reputation, with what was considered abundant capital to back them, have suddenly been brought to a full stop by a fall in prices, and the daily loss of thousands of dollars. It is not here alone that trade is dull, and houses of long standing are going to ruin. The same condition of business exists in every section of the country, and discouragement and doubt are manifested everywhere and by all classes. We admit that amusements are dull, and that managers have hard work to stem the tide that threatens to engulf them; but, as we before remarked, they are not singular in this regard—*everything* is dull. The country has never recovered from the disastrous results of the failure of the great banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co., followed as that piece of knavery was by the bursting of other bubbles growing out of the inflation caused by the war. Manufactories were stopped, mills ceased to run, capitalists became alarmed and locked up their surplus funds; this created a panic along the whole line, and the clerk, the mechanic, the laborer were thrown out of employment, with naught to fall back upon, for nearly all classes had been living fully up to their means, and thousands going beyond their incomes, not dreaming that a day of reckoning was so close at hand. The sudden closing up of banking institutions, the failures of savings-banks, the arrest and conviction of high officials for perjury, forgery, and every form of robbery, added to the panic, and induced a taking in of sail, and the beginning of a totally new order of economy, and the reduction of current expenses. Although the theatres were among the first to feel the effects of this change of base, it must be admitted that they have made a brave and determined stand "against the sea of troubles that have opposed them." It has been proposed in some quarters to reduce the prices of admission, or, at least, to reduce them to suit the poorer classes. If this is done, managers will be compelled to reduce their expenses, and this means inferior companies and bad acting. Managers had better begin at the beginning and abolish the wholesale deadhead system which has been in vogue for the past year or two; "papering" may make the auditorium *look* cheerful, but it is death to the treasury. We must look for a lull in amusements at this season of the year. Fancy stores, bazaars, fairs, etc., have more attraction for the people than have the theatres; and this will last until the close of Christmas and New Year festivities. It's always so during the holiday season, and managers look for it. Of late years we have enjoyed performances such as were seldom if ever before witnessed; plays were presented in a style of magnificence that completely bewildered and astonished the old playgoer; in order to do this our managers have expended almost fabulous sums of money; and their salary-lists have been extraordinarily large. Even our variety establishments have been lavish in their expenditures, and combinations of artists, and other attractions have been given by them which have made such houses a great power in the world of amusements. They have made a good fight with the regular theatres in compeling for public favor and patronage, and their weekly expenses would have staggered a legitimate manager of the olden time. Variety managers, while building up a class of patrons of their own, also offer such inducements as serve to draw many of the regular theatre habitues from their allegiance; and the regular houses seem to have looked on with indifference upon the efforts of their less pretentious but equally hard-working colaborers in the public vineyard, and refuse to admit that their own patronage has been tapped by the variety school of managers, and the current directed to the latters' houses. All right, Jimmy; we *have* jumped the track, we acknowledge; but, having had our say, we shall glide on in our usually peaceful and harmonious ways.....Each day serves to show us that nearly every *new* play offered for our consideration is as old as the hills. Take "Forbidden Fruit," for instance. Why, that's the oldest creation on record, being first acted in the Garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve in the leading business.....One baby-show shut up on Saturday evening last, but others are in abeyance. Now, we hold that these baby exhibitions are fraught with danger to the nation, because the friendly competition of the parties interested has a tendency to add to the population of the country, and without a war or something like that to carry off the surplusage, what will be the ultimate result? Famine! We fear to contemplate the pains and penalties which we may be called upon to undergo, all owing to a plurality of baby-shows! Something ought to be done by which parents and children should be destroyed at the close of each show, the parties then having ended their usefulness.....Do you know what they did in London? Actually got the Lord Chamberlain to refuse to permit "Baby" to be played! Anybody but a Lord Chamberlain would know how necessary it is that a *baby should be played*, in order to keep it quiet. Evidently the London official is opposed to baby-shows. He ought to come over here! The trip across the Atlantic might prove pacific to his lordship.....And talking about lords reminds us of the report that the English peerage is represented by a performer at one of the London music-halls. This ought to be cheering intelligence for the peers. For ourselves, we have'nt any foolish prejudice against a man because his father happened to be an earl, and if the performer in question is really meritorious he ought to meet with a cordial reception. But he should not appear simply on the strength of being a peer, nor should he be lauded merely because he is a lord. We have royalty on the stage here—King Sarbro for example. And what's a peer to a king? We have just dismissed James from the room for remarking that a "pair's better'n a king!" even Tyler disrobed this week among our "Death's Doings".....George F. Browne returns to the stage this week, it being the fortieth anniversary of his appearance in this city as a member of the company with which Miss Monier reopened the "City" No. 2, a little theatre which Jack Adams had fitted up in the cock-loft of the City Saloon, where the Park Bang now stands.....As Miss Isabrielle Du Sauld has been engaged, there ought to be a French speaking female in Steele Mackaye's new play of "Won at Last," which has its first production to-night. Perhaps Mr. Hinkey-dinkey knows the sound French.....J. Henry French, playwright (he has the right to play them, as well as sell), sailed for England on the 8th, and will be due here again in the spring. Success to you, Harry, in your negotiations for readings at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 14, for the benefit of those deserving poor who are not actors.....It has escaped general notice that the Witherses now arrayed in legal array against each other are respectively the mother and a brother of Mme Cora De Willhorst, an American prima-donna of note twenty years ago, and who has been "married" by her deserted lord because of her marriage and her adoption of stage-life. She does not figure in the present proceedings.....Not the less of our American readers will remember sweet little Miss Rose Hersee who made her début in history in 1839 with Mrs. Martyn and Sig. Giubilei, both of whom have been dead over thirty years. She was the original American representative of Marcellina in Beethoven's "Fidelio," at the Park Theatre. She went back to England, broke a leg while horseback-riding, and wedded the surgeon who mended it. That surgeon is dead, and she has again become a widow, having fallen off from a horse, and therefore she may not marry the present surgeon.....Mrs. Charles S. T. Burke, whose death in Paris was announced by us last week, was buried in Cypress Hills on Friday, Dec. 10, the funeral ceremonies taking place from "The Little Church Around the Corner." The sketch we had not space for last week is now crowded out by the later announcements of Mr. and August Predigam's. We see it stated, as if by authority, that the lady was married to Charles Burke in 1847. Whoever authorized this has blundered. It would have been well to state that she was first announced as Mrs. Burke in 1850.....The performing elephant Ned, belonging to the London Circus, but on the sick-list for two weeks past, indicated his convalescence on Saturday, Dec. 9, by tossing his trainer, George Arstenstell, forty feet into the air, injuring him severely, though not dangerously.....Niblo's Garden is to change its price of admission to 25 cents, and the management have hit on the revival of "The Duke's Motto."..... Manager Martin W. Hanley of the Theatre Comique has three novelties in store, viz., "The Pillsbury Bundle," a farce; "The Light Brigade Out Drunk and Home Again," a sketch and song; and "The Daly Serenade," a musical sketch. All are by Edward Harrigan. The first two will be submitted on Dec. 17, and the third, "The Hennessy Bouquet," on hand on Dec. 24.....Mlle. Litta, the American prima-donna who is now the sensation of Paris, has a sister who is there preparing for the dramatic stage, and who will shortly come before the public. Unlike Litta, who appeared here in public as a vocalist seventeen years ago, the dramatic student has never been heard in America, in that capacity at least.....Mrs. Charles Kean has just received a trifle over £4,000 as the net proceeds of her book of "The Winter's Tale," as arranged by her late husband.....The fact that Charles A. Dana of *The Sun* was a lecturer and entertainer a quarter of a century ago makes it appropriate to mention here that his daughter Ruth—a great favorite in Glen Cove, L. I., by the way—was married at West Island Mr. Dana's Glen Cove residence), on Dec. 5, to William E. Draper, a well-to-do shipbuilder of this city.....A son of the late Philip Barton Key is shortly to adopt the stage as a profession. An aunt of his was a dramatic reader nearly twenty years ago.

CITY SUMMARY.

PARTHENIA, in "Ingomar," is a character which enables Miss Marion Anderson to appear to far greater advantage than any other which she has thus far acted in this city. The simple classic costumes which she wore concealed the slight deficiencies of her figure, and enhanced her personal charms. Her reading was less faulty, she gesticulated more appropriately, there were no traces of mincing mannerisms, and in the quiet intervals was the burr of the Western pronunciation audible. Her conception of the character of the Greek maiden was correct, and her embodiment of it was charmingly natural and effective throughout. In the earlier scenes, when she was held as a hostage by Ingomar, her acting was tremendously impressive. Her recital of the song descriptive of love was received with marked favor, and her depicting the birth of that passion for the barbarian, in her own breast, was handled with much skill and delicacy of feeling. The scene where she departs from the wild woods, and, with Ingomar, Enguo as her guide, and that of their parting by the seashore, were capitally acted. So, too, in the last act, when Ingomar avows his intention of returning to his people, and she returns him his sword, and confesses her love for him, she displayed much depth and fervor of feeling, which found a sympathetic response in the hearts of the spectators. Miss Anderson was not only greeted with genuine and enthusiastic applause throughout the representation, but was summoned before the curtain at the close of each act. Miss Anderson's Parthenia has created so great an impression in her favor that she may find it to her interest to add it to her repertoire on the opening character of her entertainments. J. B. Studley acted Ingomar in a masterly manner, both his conception and embodiment being thorough and conscientious. In depicting the effects of woman's refining influence upon the barbarian he exercised rare discrimination in the various transitions of character, from the moment when, in rude and imperious tones, he commanded Parthenia, as his slave, to do his bidding, until he was seen upon his bended knees suing in dulcet tones for her love. A grim humor seemed to pervade some of these gradations, especially when he meekly responded to her command to bring her brother's ashes when, in leaving the wilderness, he carried the basket of berries while she bore his spear and shield. At the moment of their expected parting, as well as in the last act, when tempted to treachery by the Timarch, also in the interview with the Alemanni, his acting was noble and dignified. Mr. Studley has enhanced his reputation by these performances. Of the rest of the cast in comparison with the two portrayals thus reviewed, perhaps the less said the better. "Ingomar" was acted Dec. 3, 4, 5, and matinee 8, and during the remainder of the week Miss Anderson repeated her impersonation of Mey Merrilies. The attendance, especially upon the "Ingomar" nights, was the largest during the engagement.

MISS REGINA DACE, a pupil of J. W. Guest, a retired actor, made her debut upon the dramatic stage at the Grand Opera-house Dec. 3, acting Julia in "The Hunchback," in response to an urgent solicitation during the rest of the week. The attendance upon the first night was very large, the theatre being crowded in every part, and during the remainder of the engagement it averaged good. It was no slight task for a young lady, whom we are assured has not yet reached her sixteenth year, to undertake the performance of so important a character in the presence of a metropolitan audience, yet she achieved success. We would not imply that her impersonation was thoroughly finished and artistic; but it was pregnant with promise for the future. The qualifications she possesses for the profession she has chosen are a symmetrical figure and face, a pleasing voice, a natural and by no means unpleasing elocution, a perfect ease of manner, a pretty face, sufficiently mobile to express varying emotions, a profusion of jet black hair, and a voice of considerable power and melodious in tone. Her costumes were very rich, tastily made and appropriate. She displayed a great deal of self-possession; her gait was natural and free from constraint, and her gestures were graceful and easy. She reads intelligently, and impresses the spectator that she understands and feels what she utters. Her elocution is good, her enunciation distinct, although her utterance for so large a theatre was at times somewhat too rapid. It was one of the most promising debuts which we have witnessed for years, and future study and practice should enable her to hold a prominent position. D. W. Waller as Master Walter, for which character he had been specially engaged, was in every way eminently fitted therefor, his impersonation being intellectual, refined and artistic. Alex. Fitzgerald as Satisfactor as Sir Thomas Clifford; J. A. Wilks was quite effective as Modus; the foppish Lord Tinsel was pleasingly depicted by E. D. Brown; Ben Maginley gave a conventional yet commendable performance of Fathom; H. Victor is to be complimented for his intelligent delivery of the few lines assigned to Stephen; Miss Alice Eldridge was charmingly costumed as Helen, and acted with considerable vivacity, although her laughing, at times, seemed a little forced. She was seen at her best in the love-scenes with Modus, which were greeted with peals of laughter. The rest of the cast, although not calling for special review, was in consonance with the assignments being Master Wilford, Walter Glassford; Master Heartwell, John Matthews; Gaylove, R. Roberts; Thomas, E. Somers; Simpson, T. Greer; Williams, B. Elliott; and Holdwell, C. Smith. The play was handsomely mounted. This week F. S. Chanfrau will be the attraction, impersonating Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," which is to be elaborately mounted.

THE AIMEE TROUPE performed at Booth's Theatre during the past week, producing "La Marjolaine" Dec. 3 matinee 8, "Les Cent Vierges" 4, 8, "La Fille de Mme. Angot" 5, "Giroflé-Girofla" 6, and "Barbe Bleue" 7. The casts in the familiar works of this repertory were the same as on previous recitals, the only new comer being Mlle. Duparc as Eglantine, Mlle. Gueymard as Fanny, M. Duplan as Sir Jonathan Pluperson, M. Mollard as Quilleneboh, M. Castel as Poulardot and M. Meziéres as Bridtidick. This was an excellent distribution of characters, and both music and action lost nothing in the interpretation. The company perform in Brooklyn this week, and open at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, on the 17th in Strauss' opera-bouffe "La Reine Indigo," for a short season.

A. APPLETON has succeeded Hart Jackson as the business-manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

JOHN F. SHERIDAN, Hooley and Thompson, Bryant and West, the Carleton Sisters, John and Amy Tudor, Mollie Wilson, Jim Rogers, Erwin Thomas, Harry Hart, and Master Dunn are billed at the London for this week.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE was well filled during the past week, and an enjoyable entertainment was presented. Joe Lang reappeared upon the local stage after a long absence, and acted Sam in the opening sketch of "The Darky's Stratagem" in a very humorous manner. Miss Lillie Florence executed a number of feats upon the high trapeze, which indicated much daring and great powers of endurance. Lizzie Mulvey, clad in male attire, won deserved applause for her meritorious songs-and-dances. The Davenport Brothers—Lew and Ed—gave feats of posturing and tumbling, and closed with a friendly sparring match. Later in the evening, attired as clowns, they were seen in grotesque acrobatic feats. Cardella and Victorelli in exercises upon horizontal-bars, including single and double somersaults, confirmed the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of them. Bobby Newcomb, assisted by A. J. Leavitt, performed an original sketch called "A Novel Application"—Mr. Newcomb, made up as a neat colored girl, introduced imitations of Mlle. Aimee in opera-bouffe, of a serio-comic singer, played the banjo, and did some difficult dancing. The dialogue, which treated of professional life, was humorous and amusing. Ira A. Paine exhibited his skill in shattering glass globules by discharges of his shot-gun, meeting with his usual success. Besides the above, who were the fresh arrivals, the bill included serio-comic songs by Belle Fostelle; "La Tarantella," danced by Ida and Emma Rose; fresh comic-songs, by Harry Montague; a ballet, by Helene Menzell and corps-de-ballet; character dance, by Sally and Lucy Chittetop; songs by Jennie Hughes, including a capital imitation of Harry Montague; and a series of tableaux entitled "The Comanches" by Mafitt and Bartholomew, aided by the principal members of the company.

THE FRISH APPEARANCES at the Theatre Comique last week included Mlle. Venessia, in graceful feats upon the tight-rope, during which the use of the customary balance-pole was discarded; Miss Annie Irish, a pleasing singer of sentimental and serio-comic ditties; the Cooper Brothers, acrobatic song-and-dance men of the average ability; Jennie Engel, who sang a fresh song entitled "Captain Copp" in addition to others more familiar, including a medley of popular songs; Robert Nickle, who, assisted by some youths from the audience, performed quite deftly a number of feats of magic; John Williams and his pupil, Master Willie Dooley, who created considerable enthusiasm by their performance on the violin; Bide and Hoey, who fully maintained the high degree of excellence they have attained in their grotesque musical act; Albert Geyer in an acrobatic essence cleverly performed; and Leona and Ella Fontainebleau in character songs-and-dances, so recently reviewed that they need not be described in detail. The programme likewise included the sketch of "Matrimonial Ads," with Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart as Dan and Mary Tracy respectively, supported by Annie Mack, Nellie Jones, G. W. H. Griffin, E. Burt, and M. Bradley; Fred. Levantine in his equilibristic feats; Conway and Kerrigan, dancer and fiddler; and the burlesque of "Blackeyed Susan," in which Nat. C. Goodwin acted Capt. Crosstree in imitation of Stuart Robson, E. Harrigan played Dame Hatley, and Tony Hart Blackeyed Susan, the other characters being taken by the company. Fostelle, female impersonator, was another new face, but was not seen to any telling advantage, his acting being far from that in which he has achieved success; and on Friday Neil Conway, for reasons set forth elsewhere, in this summary, ceased to be visible, leaving Kerrigan to complete the engagement single-handed. The prices have recently been reduced to the following standard: Orchestra chairs, 75 cents; parquet, 50 cents; dress circle, 35 cents; and gallery, 15 cents.

JAMES ROBERTSON, a brother of the late T. W. Robertson, recovered a verdict of $75 against W. J. Fleming, manager of Niblo's Garden, for a play entitled "Spiders, Cobwebs and Flies," which it is alleged Mr. Fleming approved of, but refused to pay for. The tariff claimed by the author to be $200, and sued for that amount. Mr. Fleming states that he had repeatedly given Mr. Robertson money, and supposed that he had overpaid him for all the plays he had ever furnished him.

THE "BABA" CONTROVERSY.—In the Supreme Court, before Judge Lawrence, the wrangle over the ownership of the wardrobe, Bonnie Boy properties, and other theatrical paraphernalia used in "Baba," brought out at Niblo's Garden, Sept., 1876, came up Nov. 27 in the suit of Jane Deverna against Ferdinand W. Hofele, on a motion to continue a preliminary injunction granted by Judge Donohue Nov. 23, restraining the defendant from selling the wardrobe, &c., or a bill of sale for said wardrobe, etc., held by him. Mrs. Deverna claims that the defendant (W. E. Deverna) purchased the properties of "Baba" in Dec., 1876, as her agent. Mr. Hofele insists that he is the owner, and refuses to give them up until he is paid his salary as captain of the troupe. These properties were originally in Philadelphia. First they were seized in Baltimore under attachment owing to the failure of the "Baba" Combination. Franklin Bien, counsel for Mrs. Deverna, proceeded to Baltimore and had the attachment released. They were again seized under attachments in subsequent productions of the drama in Chicago, by reason of the sheriff's fiasco. After hearing counsel on both sides, Judge Lawrence took the papers and reserved his decision until Dec. 7, when he gave an order directing the injunction to continue until the trial of the case. We understand from Counselor Bien that the next move in this case will be the application to the Court for the appointment of a referee.

A GOOD BUSINESS was done at Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week, where the reinforcements embraced Erba Robeson, whose ballad-singing won popular approval; Lizzie and Georgie Parker in songs and-dances, proving an attractive feature; great and difficult performances on the slack-wire perch and a Japanese ladder by Mlle. Bonzatti, aided by Sig. Freire; the Irwin Sisters, in those musical sketches, introducing songs-and-dances, medleys, etc., in which they have made rapid strides towards great success; Cool Burgess, who may be appropriately styled the original "Dutch people-laugh," as he laughed most heartily himself in unison with the harmony of the orchestra, and whose other specialties are mirth-provoking; Charles Young, a clever ventriloquist, who by his skill made wooden heads and some little manikins apparently talk; Miss Hilda Thomas, who by her charming vocalization repeated the success she attained upon these boards earlier in the season; and Lucy Adams and Guy Linton scored a bull's-eye in their specialty of "April Showers;" besides these, Add Ryman caused much laughter by the delivery of a comical stump speech. Tony Pastor, with cheerful countenance, basks upon the audience like a ray of sunshine upon a dark nook, sang a number of songs in his inimitable style, good-naturedly responding to encore after encore. Sam Devere twanged the banjo in accompaniment to several songs, his latest being "The Villain Still Pursued Her," and introduced his funny mimicries of Bryant, Burgess and Wessels, continued their interesting "Musical Coon" acts; and the sketches of "The Quack Doctor," "The Crushed Lover" and "A Night of Terror" were acted by Add Ryman, Sam Devere, Bob Harrison, Frank Girard, C. Bryant and Jennie Satterlee.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "The Three Guardsmen" was produced Dec. 3, and attracted large audiences throughout the week. With the exception of W. J. Fleming, who gave a chivalrous and effective portrayal of D'Artagnan, and E. W. Marston, who repeated his happy conception of Bonface, the cast was new. Pressure upon our space prevents a review in detail of the efforts of the individual members of the cast; but it may be said that the acting, as a whole, was even and in every respect satisfactory. The cast was: King Louis XIII, J. C. Morrison; Cardinal Richelieu, D. E. Ralton; Buckingham, J. V. Melton; Rochfort, J. F. Peters; De Trevil, G. F. Waite; Athos, Frank Flowerdale; Aramis, N. F. Hewitt; Porthos, Thomas E. Morris; Pouchet, T. E. Owens; La Tour, B. F. Thomas; Seadrift, W. Stall; Jacques, J. Toole; Capt. of Guard, Mr. Atkins; Eustace, Mr. George; Lady De Winter, Mrs. J. L. Carhart; Anne of Austria, Miss Rose Goodall; Constance, Miss Louie Murray; Manette, Miss Florence Hoffman; Miss Nellie Celeste. "The Duke's Motto" is in preparation.

AT COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the new people are the Catletts—Zoe and Lulu—song-and-dance performers; Sadie Meenhan, Fanny Cratin and Tillie James, dancers; Lottie Devere and Ella Sherwood, vocalists and comedians; and Will Hall, a pretty face, sufficiently mobile to express varying emotions, a profusion of jet black hair, and a voice of considerable power and melodious in tone. Her costumes were very rich, tastily made and appropriate. She displayed a great deal of self-possession; her gait was natural and free from constraint, and her gestures were graceful and easy. She reads intelligently, and impresses the spectator that she understands and feels what she utters. Her elocution is good, her enunciation distinct, although her utterance for so large a theatre was at times somewhat too rapid. It was one of the most promising debuts which we have witnessed for years, and future study and practice should enable her to hold a prominent position. D. W. Waller as Master Walter, for which character he had been specially engaged, was in every way eminently fitted therefor, his impersonation being intellectual, refined and artistic; Alex. Fitzgerald as Satisfactor as Sir Thomas Clifford; J. A. Wilks was quite effective as Modus; the foppish Lord Tinsel was pleasingly depicted by E. D. Brown; Ben Maginley gave a conventional yet commendable performance of Fathom; H. Victor is to be complimented for his intelligent delivery of the few lines assigned to Stephen; Miss Alice Eldridge was charmingly costumed as Helen, and acted with considerable vivacity, although her laughing, at times, seemed a little forced. She was seen at her best in the love-scenes with Modus, which were greeted with peals of laughter. The rest of the cast, although not calling for special review, was in consonance with the assignments being Master Wilford, Walter Glassford; Master Heartwell, John Matthews; Gaylove, R. Roberts; Thomas, E. Somers; Simpson, T. Greer; Williams, B. Elliott; and Holdwell, C. Smith. The play was handsomely mounted. This week F. S. Chanfrau will be the attraction, impersonating Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," which is to be elaborately mounted.

THE AIMEE TROUPE performed at Booth's Theatre during the past week, producing "La Marjolaine" Dec. 3 matinee 8, "Les Cent Vierges" 4, 8, "La Fille de Mme. Angot" 5, "Giroflé-Girofla" 6, and "Barbe Bleue" 7. The casts in the familiar works of this repertory were the same as on previous recitals, the only new comer being Mlle. Duparc as Eglantine, Mlle. Gueymard as Fanny, M. Duplan as Sir Jonathan Pluperson, M. Mollard as Quilleneboh, M. Castel as Poulardot and M. Meziéres as Bridtidick. This was an excellent distribution of characters, and both music and action lost nothing in the interpretation. The company perform in Brooklyn this week, and open at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, on the 17th in Strauss' opera-bouffe "La Reine Indigo," for a short season.

A. APPLETON has succeeded Hart Jackson as the business-manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

JOHN F. SHERIDAN, Hooley and Thompson, Bryant and West, the Carleton Sisters, John and Amy Tudor, Mollie Wilson, Jim Rogers, Erwin Thomas, Harry Hart, and Master Dunn are billed at the London for this week.

MR. SOTHERN revived his celebrated impersonation of Lord Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin," Dec. 3, at the Park Theatre. The brute inanities of the role were delivered with much gusto, and the entire impersonation was characterized with considerable freshness, considering that he has acted it several thousand times. Sir Edward Trenchard found a satisfactory representative in Russell S. Bassett. Henry Crisp made a marked success as Asa Trenchard, being thoroughly at ease, and natural and impressive in manner—he did not exaggerate what are supposed to be the American peculiarities of the character, but permitted them, as it were, to accidentally come to the surface. It is thought to be the best acting that Mr. Crisp has done upon the local stage, and he deserves warm commendation for it. George F. Devere's impersonation of Abel Murcott was praiseworthy; George Holland displayed consummate art in making up for the butler, Binney, and his acting was deeply imbued with character and provocative of much merriment; Fred Percy was rather more successful as Buddicomb than the other representatives of that role in this city; Miss Ida Savory's Florence Trenchard was lady-like and intelligent; Miss Annie Wakeman, who made her first appearance here, was not thoroughly fitted to the character of Georgina, although she is to be credited with endeavoring to do her best. No fault could be found with Nellie Mortimer's acting as Mrs. Mountchessington. Miss Lizzie McCall, a neophyte, made her metropolitan debut as Mary Meredith, and although she displayed considerable ability in comedy, is not suited to the character. Miss Josie Batchelder, another debutante on the local stage, did so satisfactorily what little was required of her as Augusta as to lead us to believe that the cast would have been materially strengthened had the two ladies last named exchanged characters. The other roles were satisfactorily filled, the distribution being Lieut. Vernon, W. Cullington; De Boots, A. H. Forrest; Sharp, Miss Rosa Wilson; and Skillet, Miss Bertha Vina. A marked increase was noticeable in the attendance over that of the previous week, and, in consequence thereof, it is probable that the piece will have a longer run than originally intended.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Dr. Damrosch began his second series of symphony concerts at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon, the programme including for the orchestra the overture to Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas," a concerto by Schumann for piano and orchestra, played by S. B. Mills, and the Seventh Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, F major, and two orchestra novelties, an intermezzo by W. Spiedel, and a transcription by Liszt of a march by Schubert. Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, a Cincinnati vocalist, sang in a selection from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and in an air and variations by Rode, giving further evidence of her ability as a singer.....The first of a series of symphony concerts under Wm. Kreitz's direction took place at Harlem Music Hall Dec 6, Alex. Bischoff, tenor; F. Preusser, baritone; Nellie Balmore, soprano; and Carl Lanzer, violinist, participating as the soloists.....Henrietta Beebe sang at Prof. Franklin's calanthe matinée Dec. 5. E. N. Bartlett was at the piano.....Dime concerts appear to be growing in popularity, the bills offered including many excellent people, which fact, with the low rate charged, has had the effect of attracting appreciative and large audiences. Both Association Hall and Cooper Institute have been doing a rushing opposition during the past week with this style of entertainment, and have been well patronized..... Mrs. Violetta Andrews (Violetta Colville) sang at an entertainment at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 6. Clarence Sage, organist, and Mr. Andrews, pianist, assisted.....At Chas. Roberts Jr.'s reading at Chickering Hall on Saturday, Frank Gilder, pianist; Master W. H. Lee, boy soprano; and F. F. Muller, organist, were heard in the musical selections.....A bill in equity was filed during October in Judge Blatchford's court by Miss Fanny Foster, by which Maurice Grau, Marie Aimee and J. C. Duff would be enjoined from representing a certain opera-bouffe on Saturday, claiming that a drama of this name by John De Bonay, which had been purchased by Miss Foster, and the opera were near enough in identity to make an infringement on the latter lady's rights. The injunction was denied, and Maurice Grau has just filed an answer, by which it appears that De Bonay's "Baba" is not an opera-bouffe type, illustrating scenes in the French Revolution, and in no wise resembles the opera-bouffe.

1877.

Ill., up to Dec. 8, as follows: "At first represent- through the eautifully and the murder of Mathias in the , as seen in his alistic. Joseph very powerful g a call before e. The rest of y, was satisfac- ping as follows: ohnson; Trink- Lee; Dr. Glau- . W. Weesels; son; Clerk of ary, J. S. Clif- daye; Jeanne, Clara Stoneall. the farce 'I've ssrs. J. H. Mc- W. Richardson Geraldine Maye s) week James matization of ded Flirt. I will . at Hooley's, Oil,' business e Williamsons' Question' was s. Dec. 10, the mmence a sea- Chimes of Nor- ny go to Louis- Oliver Doud tinent' before e support has effective—some- to Cincinnati, nstrels begin a

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BUSINESS in the small towns in the West is reported as being very disastrous. The country is flooded with companies, and it is no unusual thing for six different troupes to be billed to perform one night each in the same week, in towns where, in prosperous times, not more than two could expect to make a small profit. It is being overdone. A correspondent writing from Peoria, Ill., says that on Nov. 29 there were thirty-five troupes of various kinds exhibiting in Illinois. Among them were Rose Wood and Lewis Morrison's company, Frank Bangs' Combination, "The Shaughraun" Combination, the "Boarding-house" Combination, Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels, Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, Emma Abbett Concert Company, E. T. Stetson and company, Robert McWade and company, Agnes Herndon, Jessie Couthoui, Nick Roberts' "Humpty Dumpty" Company, Martin Golden's Combination, F. G. White's Dramatic Company, Morris & Herbert's Dramatic Company, Mme. Bentz's Female Minstrels, the Swedish Ladies' Quartet and George S. Knight's Combination.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH made his first appearance in Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 4, acting Richelieu to an overcrowded house. A veteran theatre-goer residing in that city writes: "More tickets would have been sold had there been more desirable seats to be obtained. Mr. McCullough fully equaled expectation, and was honored with several calls before the curtain. Mr. Levick sustained Baradas in a masterly manner, and Mr. Collings was fairly creditable as Joseph. Mr. Grant might have been satisfactory as Adrian De Maugprat, had he been fully up in the part and not affected by a weak voice. Miss Gusslo De Forest's continuous whine in the quiet portions of her scenes was unpleasant, and her rant in excited passages discordant and offensive. She is scarcely entitled to the position of a leading actress, even in Bridgeport. The badness of Mr. McCullough's support has been a great drawback to the excellence of the performances, and it is no wonder that the business has been so poor. Before leaving the city, however, he will be tendered a benefit, which will probably be followed by a visit to Cincinnati, Louisville and other Western cities."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON will very likely have a poor opinion of Troy, N. Y., in the future, after his experience there on Dec. 8, wrote our correspondent, continuing: "In the first place there were scarcely one hundred persons present at the matinee, and but a two-third house in the evening. Secondly, he was probably subjected to the greatest insult that he ever experienced. The insult came about in this wise. A woman asked for and bought a gallery ticket, thinking it to be for the first tier. Being refused admittance to the first tier and directed to the upper tier, she went to the box-office and demanded the return of her money. Augustin Daly, who was in person at the window, declined to refund it, and she reported the matter to her husband, who appeared and demanded the return of the money, meeting with a similar refusal. The husband sued, claiming one hundred dollars damages, and at 8 P. M. two hungry deputy sheriffs appeared armed with attachments, and, entering the dressing-room of Mr. Jefferson, began pulling down from the pegs the wardrobe of Rip Van Winkle. Meanwhile Mr. Daly had retained Levi Smith, Esq., a leading lawyer of Troy, who appeared on the scene with County judge Strait. Both these gentlemen finally prevailed on the hungry deputies to lay down the wardrobe, Judge Strait personally becoming surety for Mr. Daly's appearance on the 11th. The curtain finally went up at 8.30 P. M. Reputable citizens, cognizant of the facts, are ashamed for the honor of the city that Mr. Jefferson was subjected to such indignity..... Buffalo Bill and troupe had a large house 2, and moderate house 3..... Utica (Dec. 5) may have had a fair house 7..... The Holman English-opera Troupe give a sacred concert 9, followed by a week of operas.

TAGS.—There was no matinee at Wallack's Theatre, this city, on Saturday, Dec. 8..... Suit was brought in equity the right of managers to issue tickets for standing-room only. The defendants are Jarrett & Palmer, and the plaintiff is Calvin E. Pratt, who, at the Academy Hall, Dec. 1, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, purchased a fifty-cent or general admission ticket, could not get a seat, returned to the box-office and demanded his money back. It was for $50 a perfunctory decrease will probably be that his demand was not heard..... A special company has been recruited for Edwin Booth's forthcoming engagement in this city, Jan. 7..... Sallie Arnold and Eva Mount are performing in Minnesota..... Isaac Lobe, uncle of Rose Eytinge, is reported as having died in Baltimore recently..... William Vogelin, comic artist, is to have a benefit at the California Theatre, San Francisco, Dec. 12, when he will make his bow as a cartoonist..... The Sorosis, a feminine organization of this city, entertained Mary Anderson on Dec. 3..... Master Eddy Kilday of the California Theatre, San Francisco, is a candidate for the position of page to the California Legislature..... Miss Von Stainwitz was in this city, disengaged, last week..... Henry J. Montague was initiated into the brotherhood of Elks on Dec. 2, in this city. Joseph B. Polk was to have been fired into the same community on the 9th inst.

MUSICAL.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, formerly of the Kellogg Opera Troupe, has organized a company to give a series of concerts through Canada. They gave their first performance in Toronto, Ont., Dec. 3. The company consists of Mme. Rieve Hilmot, soprano; Miss Louise Phillips, contralto; Alfred Bowman, tenor; Theo. Bartleman, baritone; William Hamilton, basso; and J. D. Kenison, accompanist.

THE HESSIAN MILITARY BAND gave concerts in Janesville, Wis., Dec. 5, 6, Monroe 7, 8, and return to Janesville 10.

A LIST of new and popular songs published by J. N. Chadsey can be found in our business department.

THE CONCERT given for the benefit of Miss Kate Reed, at Paterson, N. J., Dec. 3, proved a failure generally. Sig. Brignoli, after allowing himself to be billed for nearly two weeks, failed to put in an appearance..... Miss Thursby and associates concertized 5 to a fair house.

POPULAR comic songs, including many of the recent novelties, and Coes' violin melodies, are among the publications of L. P. Goullaud, advertised elsewhere. He gives a list of the more prominent and taking songs.

ROBINSON'S BRILLIANTS performed in Yankton, Dakota, Dec. 3, to a fair house. Fourteen miles to Sioux City.

ROSA D'ERINA is to give concerts in Richmond, Va., Dec. 11, 12.

THE SWEDISH QUARTET performed in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 5, 6.

OLE ALLAUP, leader of orchestra, will be at liberty after Jan. 1. See card.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show in Berlin, Wis., Dec. 10, Oshkosh 11, Neenah 12, Appleton 13, Green Bay 14, and Fond du Lac 15.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to perform this week in Chicago, Ill., thence to Rockford 17, Janesville, Wis., 18, Madison 19, Eau Claire 20, St. Paul, Minn., 21, 22. Arrangements have been completed for the company to go to California shortly.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS are booked in Wheeling, W. Va., for Dec. 14, 15.

"BRING BACK THE OLD FOLKS" and "The Little Flower You Gave Me" are in Roe Stephens' list of recently-published songs.

ALICK OATES' OPERA TROUPE is to sing in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Dec. 19, 20, 21, 22.

AN OPERATIC TENOR and a second basso are wanted for a season in Canada. See card.

IN PROBABLY no city of the United States has grand opera held from time historic a higher place in the popular premises than in New Orleans, La., and when an audience is composed almost entirely of those who have, as it were, been reared from youth on familiar terms with the art operatic, it may naturally be supposed to apply to any new troupe the crucial test of criticism. If in such a high meed of praise that the various members of Fryer's German-opera Company, who made their first appearance here in the Varieties Theatre Nov. 28, have been received, if not rapturously, at least with satisfaction. Having arrived in New Orleans with the name heralded by provincial fame, and enacted his part with intelligence, but evidenced a lack of strength. The part of Julia was ably sustained by Miss Lillie Glover, and W. E. Sheridan performed Master Walter in a manner marked by strong feeling and a correct delivery. "Married in Haste" will be produced at this theatre Dec. 10, followed by John Brougham's drama "Pocahontas," Dec. 17.

MME. JANAUSCHEK commenced an engagement at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 3, appearing in the play entitled "Brunhild," then produced for the first time in that city. "Brunhild was produced at the Grand Opera-house, New York, Dec. 5, 7 and 8. The house was crowded nightly during Janauschek's first week. She will appear Dec. 13 in a new play written expressly for her entitled "Catherine of Russia." Kitty Blanchard and McKee Rankin commence an engagement Dec. 24, in "The Danites."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS can be obtained at Chadsey & Seabury's address.

G. SWAINE BUCKLEY is traveling this season, and has thoroughly recovered his health, he is fully prepared to fill engagements. Those wishing to arrange for his appearance can address his agent J. W. Sayles.

ALF. BURNETT, the well-known humorist, is now located in Dublin, giving instructions in elocution. He advertises that he gives special attention to pupils in dramatic or humorous readings.

BOUCICAULT'S SHAUGHRAUN COMBINATION is slowly wending its way Eastward. The party was in Keokuk, Iowa, on Thanksgiving day, with excellent business there. On Dec. 3 they showed in Jacksonville, Ill., to a crowded house, notwithstanding the Murphy (temperance revival) excitement was in full blast. The three female colleges in that town turned out very largely. Business fair. Dec. 4, 5, they did a large business. The route ahead is Lafayette, Ind., 11, Logansport 12, Fort Wayne 13, 14, Richmond 15, and Indianapolis 17 for one week.

A MEETING of the General Passenger Agents of the Michigan Central, the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Lake Shore Railroad was held in Chicago lately, and the agents agreed that on and after that day (Nov. 26) the custom of paying commutation on tickets shall be abolished. The meeting established seventy-five per cent. of the regular tariff as the rates hereafter for theatrical troupes numbering more than ten persons. Before adjournment it was decided that the General Passenger Agents' Association shall meet the 5th of each month.

ROBERT FRASER, pantomimic clown, commences a three weeks' engagement at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 10.

W. D. DANA, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged as juvenile or walking lady.

HART JACKSON'S adaptation of the romantic spectacular drama of "The Bottom of the Sea," which is now being played with considerable success at the Grand Opera-house, Sandy Hook, Cal., can be secured by addressing Horace Wall, as per card.

THE MODERATE-SIZED audiences which assembled at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., during the past week were treated to a genuine and pleasant surprise by the acting of Miss Effie Ellsler. Previous to that week of the week she opened in "A Heroine in Rags," which was the attraction the first four nights, and then gave way to "Under the Snow" and "Katharine and Petruchio," which ran during the remainder of the engagement. It is said Miss Ellsler's first professional visit to Albany, but, we trust, it will not be the last, as the little lady certainly made a profound and lasting impression upon those who witnessed her acting. She possesses an agreeable face and figure, is winsome in her manners, and combines the humor of Lotta with the pathos of Maggie Mitchell. She is also a vocalist of no mean ability, her voice being a clear, sympathetic soprano of good compass and sweet in quality. The support by the stock company was creditable. Dec. 10, Marian Mordaunt opens in "The Workingmen of Albany."..... Joseph Jefferson and company appeared in Martin Hall Dec. 7 in "Rip Van Winkle" before a good-sized audience..... The Adah Richmond Burlesque Troupe, an entirely female organization, occupied Martin Hall 3, 4, to good business. The roll of this party includes Adah Richmond, Julia Sheldon, Rose Temple, Julia Emmons, Susie Parker, Ella Caldwell, J. H. Jones, W. P. Sheldon, Gus Bruno, late of Johnson and Bruno, Sam Fisher, A. W. Mallin, and Joe Fiske. The Winner Sisters left the company here, and are at present at their home in this city. Advices of Dec. 9.

FRANK MAYO appeared in "Davy Crockett" at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., Dec. 6. Our correspondent says: "The audience was only fair in numbers, owing to an increase of prices; and it might be well for companies visiting here to note that a good gathering can always be expected at the usual rates (75, 50 and 25 cents), at least $180 by actual count being turned away owing to the increased scale on Mr. Mayo's entertainment. They are announced in Boston, Mass., 10, for two weeks..... At the Grand Opera-house Miss May Howard produced 'Sarah Walton' to slight business. Miss Howard won plaudits in this difficult role. The M. Bellm of A. R. Phelps was creditably acted. The Misses Florence and Agnes Wynne impersonated Jeanne and Paul with a vigor scarcely to be expected in people so young. Miss Howard returns to Philadelphia."

MISS. G. L. FOX can be engaged as the star attraction, with the child actress Geo. L. Fox, appearing in the drama of "Green Bushes." She can be addressed through Allen's Dramatic Agency, as per card.

MISS ROSE WOOD, supported by Lewis Morrison's company, is to perform in Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 12, 13, Omaha, Neb., 14, 15, Fremont, 16, 17, Council Bluffs, Ia., 19, 20.

THE WALLACE SISTERS and company appeared in Monroe, Mich., Dec. 7, Charles H. Clark and W. L. Gleason are with them at present. They went thence to Fremont, O.

E. R. DALTON, whom a contemporary thought he recently recognized on the stage of Niblo's Garden, is in the person of D. E. Ralton, is acting in Heuck's New Opera-house, Cincinnati, O.

THE GUY FAMILY are reported as doing a good business, and are thus favorably commented on by the press:

THE GUY FAMILY gave one of their charming entertainments at the Town Hall last evening. Despite the inclemency of the weather and the uncertainty of their coming, the hall was well filled. This family have always been favorites with Waterford people, not only on account of the excellence of their entertainments, but from their pleasant, social qualities. They will show tonight at Concert Hall, Lansingburg, 'and we advise the 'burghers, if they wish to enjoy an excellent entertainment, to turn out en masse to greet them. The Trenton and Albanians will have a chance of seeing them soon.—*The Waterford Advertiser*, Nov. 31.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., are thus reported by our correspondent:

The Cecelia Club gave a private concert in Tremont Temple Dec. 6, and will repeat the same 13..... Theodore Thomas and orchestra gave their third and fourth concerts at Music Hall evening of 5 and afternoon of 8..... Mme. Madeline Schiller's first pianoforte recital took place in Horticultural Hall 8..... Miss Lizzie Crozier was the vocalist, and Otto Dressel accompanist..... The second concert occurs on the afternoon of 12..... A dime concert at Tremont Temple 8, given by Miss Millie Peterson, entitled "A Day at Maid's and Farmer Boy's Reception," was literally attended..... J. Jay Watson's first dime concert given in Music Hall 3 was not as largely attended as its merits deserved. A second concert is to be given 10, when the following appear: Miss Amy Fay, Miss Katie Parks, Miss Mathilde Lennon, Chas. Love Jr., and W. J. D. Leavitt in a musical entertainment, and Alf. Burnett and Miss Helen Nash give their duologue "Mr. and Mrs. Candle"..... The third Harvard symphony concert took place in Music Hall afternoon 6..... W. H. Sherwood's second concert 11 in Union Hall afternoon 3 was successful in an artistic and financial manner..... A musical entertainment was given in Horticultural Hall afternoon 8 by Mrs. William Garrett and Corinne Kimball, a three-and-a-half-year old miss, who made such a favorable appearance at the late baby-show..... Miss Louise Cappiani will give a vocal concert in Union Hall 11, when they will have the professional assistance of W. H. Sherwood, M. W. Whitney, S. L. Studley, and T. Leverett..... The Boylston Club, Carl Zerrahn, director, gave their first concert in Tremont Temple 19..... A concert complimentary to Mrs. William Garrett is to take place in Union Hall afternoon 13..... G. Tucker, Bernard Listemann, C. O. Mudge and her pupils, seventeen in number, are to assist..... Hall's Boston Brass Band, D. C. Hall leader, are to give a concert in Music Hall 16, assisted by Miss Lizzie Crozier. Music Hall evening 12 and afternoon 15 by the Kellogg-Carry Combination. Alfred H. Pease, Tom Karl, George A. Conly and G. Verdi are also comprised in the organization..... The Handel and Haydn Society give their first oratorio performance in Music Hall 23—Bach's Christmas oratorio, parts 1, 2 and 3..... Gounod's "Redemption Hymn," and Saint Saen's Christmas cantata "Noel" are to be presented..... The concert given by Miss Emma C. Cranch at Chickering Hall was fairly attended—she was assisted by Messrs. Maas, Carleton and Pratt, and Miss Annie Beere.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—The Philharmonic Society of this city is incorporated, last month by the payment of $1,000 as a stay of execution, and was sold this time under the second mortgage of $14,700, subject to a first mortgage of $45,000. The property was bought in by Messrs. Morton and Eisasser, it is stated, in the interest of the owner, John Brown Parker, it being understood that the sale was merely to perfect the title, which has been in dispute for some time.

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ARTISTS desiring engagements at Arcade Concert Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind., are referred to Billy Stewart's advertisement.

HARRY G. RICHMOND is still performing with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, Philadelphia.

ORCHESTRION HALL, which the Newbury Bros., Charles L. Howard, and finally H. A. Foster, tried to make a success of, is again in the field, this time being leased by John P. Long, who has christened it Academy of Music, and will open it Dec. 15. Mr. Long will also manage his old place, Mozart Hall, where on the 8th the following closed: Cummins Brothers, to Louisville; Winnetta Chataqua, Buffalo. Announced for 10: Eva Denison, Boyd and Sanford, Elise Simpson, and John Flynn. Wm. Sharp is stage-manager. Detroit, Mich., advices of Dec. 7.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the business are wanted at the Adelphi Theatre, Terre Haute, Ind., which opens for the Winter season Dec. 10. See advertisement.

TWO LADY VOCALISTS are wanted at Pirkel's Music Hall, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. See card.

WELBY AND PEARL, song and-dance artists, are said to be meeting with success with Harry Robinson's Minstrels in the South. Address care of this office.

A CARD from Gus Bruno, dialect comedian, now traveling with the Adah Richmond Company, in regard to the wearing of his title by another will be found of interest to the second party bearing the name of Gus Bruno.

MISS J. BYRON advertises to teach serio-comic, first-part, and songs generally, at a low price per lesson.

ADDIE GRINNELL states that the Grinnells have no connection with Burton Stanley. "The New Hall Columbia," written for them by Geo. Saelding, is to be published this week. See card.

THE MANAGERS of the Vow National Theatre, Philadelphia, were restrained from producing the spectacular drama of "Sula" on the evening of Dec. 6, an injunction having been granted that morning in the Court of Common Pleas, at the suit of Alfred M. and George W. Barras. It was claimed by the Messrs. Barras that "Sula" was an infringement upon the copyright of "The Black Crook," while the management of the New National deny this assertion, and state that the scenery used in their piece and also the play were obtained from C. R. Gardner of the Arch-street Theatre, and that the play is identical with "Amour," performed last season at the Arch. The temporary injunction placed upon the production of "Sula" was removed by mutual consent, and it was performed Dec. 7 and 8. It is understood that the management of the New National Theatre will commence a suit against the Messrs. Barras for damages.

IN CHICAGO, at the Academy, despite stormy weather, the auditorium has been packed nightly, many being turned away. The features, with the exception of the opening sketch, were all new, and comprised Master Moncrief in Irish songs, sayings and mimicry; Reynolds and Walling in a German sketch; Carrie Lavarnie in character change songs; the Halseys in song-and-dances; Gus Williams in new Dutch songs and witticisms and his burlesque temperance lecture; and Sid. C. France, supported by the company, in "Marked for Life." Departures Dec. 8: Gus Williams, to New York; Sid. C. France, to St. Louis; Carrie Lavarnie, to Detroit. Arrivals 10: Pat Rooney, James Dalton, Jas. W. Wesley, and Addie Johnson. Stage-manager Norton has been laid up with one of Job's comforters the past week..... At the Coliseum a good business has been done. The fresh attractions have consisted of Will H. Bray in Teutonic specialties, King Sarbro in ladder and rope-walking acts, Eddie Wilson and Harry Armour in trapeze performances, and the Burton Stanley Combination, consisting of Burton Stanley, Mabel Stanley, Master Eddie Stanley and Betsey Needon, all supported by the company, in "Flirting, or Belinda B. Boles." Leaving 8: Lynn Sisters, to Cincinnati; Burton Stanley Combination, to Toledo; John Gilbert, to join Haverly's Minstrels; Eddie Wilson and Harry Armour and King Sarbro remain in town. Arriving 10: Emma Jutau and George W. Brown, Josephine Shanley, Lenton Bros., Julia Bennett, Ettie May, Chas. and Carrie Austin, Mrs. H. Ryner and Charlotte Stanley. Charles Whitney has left the Coliseum. Frank Hillreth (late treasurer at the Museum) succeeds to his position as doorkeeper. Letter of Dec. 8.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, was crowded at every performance last week. Messrs. Chevalier and Foley appear to have struck a productive vein, which they are working for all it is worth. An excellent olio was furnished by Fanny Davenport, Huber and Glidden, Ella Mayo, Algebrame Urabe, Billy Wylie, Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, Harry Mack, Edith Lyle, Rel Muzak, Alice Loudon, Queen of the West, the Sparks Brothers—Joe and John—Mlle. Azurine and Frank Munroe. In addition to these "The End of Crime" was played, bringing to an end a bill which contained nothing of crime. For this week are announced Georgie Kaine, Thomas and Louie Winnette, Naomi, Kelly and Neary, Jerome and Cameron, Nellie Stowe, and McConnin and Regan.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, was sold by the Sheriff Dec. 3 for $62,000. The sale was postponed last month by the payment of $1,000 as a stay of execution, and was sold this time under the second mortgage of $14,700, subject to a first mortgage of $45,000. The property was bought in by Messrs. Morton and Eisasser, it is stated, in the interest of the owner, John Brown Parker, it being understood that the sale was merely to perfect the title, which has been in dispute for some time.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 25 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

FOR 1878.

ADVERTISEMENTS

INTENDED FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE ALMANAC SHOULD BE SENT IN AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE AND

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AMELIA AND THOMAS,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
MUSICAL SKETCH ARTISTS AND DANCERS.
Address care of CLIPPER OFFICE.

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FRANK QUEEN,
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POST-OFFICE BOX 3,860. NEW YORK.

OPERA-HOUSE,
AVOCA, IOWA.
This beautiful house now open. Seating capacity, 800. FINE SCENERY, ETC.
Good show-town. First-class companies played on shares, or will rent on reasonable terms. For particulars address COFFMAN & HARLOW,
36-4t* Avoca, Iowa.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN,
Vine street, Philadelphia. HENRY MILLER, Proprietor; GEO. KURTZ, Manager. Now doing the largest business of any theatre in Philadelphia, employing nothing but first-class artists. Incompetents must close after the first night. Salaries paid every Monday morning at 10 o'clock. All opening business must be sent one week in advance. Address all communications as above. 29-13t*

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POPULATION 8,000.
This new hall is one of the most beautiful in the Southwest. Lit with gas. Scenery complete. Seating capacity 800. Size of stage 30x20ft. For terms and particulars address COOK & WRIGHT,
18-26t* Lessees and Managers.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.
HAWKES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Only licensed theatre in the city. Own all billboards.
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33-26t* Manager, Box 266.

SKETCHES, DRAMAS, ACTS, Songs, Stump-speeches, Gags, Jokes, Farces, Burlesques, and Variety and Minstrel Novelties written to order by
33-tf I. DAVEAU, 116 South First street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

WHITNEY'S HALL,
ATLANTIC, IOWA.
Seating capacity, 500. Finest stage and stage scenery in Western Iowa. Ample dressing-room. Population, say 4,000. Terms reasonable. Address F. H. WHITNEY, President Bank of Atlantic. 13-26t*

OPERA-HOUSE,
WACO, TEXAS.
POPULATION, 8,000.
Complete set of scenery. Lighted with gas. Capacity, 400. For terms address J. P. GARLAND,
27-13t* Waco, Texas.

TO LET.
GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA,
by the night or season, to responsible parties, a beautiful OPERA-HOUSE, furnished with folding-chairs, stage and stage scenery. Capacity, 700; population, 30,000. Address
30-17t* POTTER & SEYMOUR, Germantown, Pa.

GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE,
TROY, N. Y.
TO LET, OR PLAY ON SHARES,
BY NIGHT OR WEEK.
HAVE OPEN DATES FROM NOV. 1 TO DEC. 22 1877.
This house has been run for the last six years as a Star Theatre, and contains all modern improvements for producing first-class pieces. For dates and particulars address W. D. VAN ARNUM,
81-tf Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y.

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THEATRE, MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
FRED WALDMANN.....Proprietor
OPEN THE YEAR AROUND. 32-12t*

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open to negotiate for production of
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BROKEN FETTERS, ECHOES, DEAD MEN'S SHOES, THE SPY, ESCAPED FROM SING SING,
33-13t Address 667 Sixth avenue, N. Y.

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WHEELING, OHIO CO., WEST VIRGINIA.
CENTRE OF THE WEST VIRGINIA OIL REGION.
Beautiful, capacious new hall now building. Ready Nov. 25. Large, amusement-loving population. For terms address THE VIRGINIA HALL CO.,
32-13t* Volcano, Wood Co., W. Va.

NOTICE TO AGENTS AND MANAGERS. We would respectfully inform the above that the WAMSUTTA HALL, AT NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS., can be engaged at prices to suit the times. It has a SEATING CAPACITY OF NINE HUNDRED PEOPLE, and is very popular, having a LARGE STAGE AND SCENERY, COMPLETE.
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This new, commodious and elegant hall is now open to rent. It has a good stage, footlights and other lights, and full sets of stage scenery. Seating capacity 900. Situation very central.
For full particulars apply to
31-13t* SERGEANT-MAJOR GRAY, Mechanics' Institute.

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32-12t* 8 Lafayette place, N. Y.

ORCHESTRAL PARTS (SEVEN INSTRUMENTS) written to order from first violin or piano copy, and mailed, postpaid, for fifty cents per ordinary-length song. JOHN N. CHADSEY, Chatham Centre, N. Y. Send for free catalogue. 28-13t*

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC (New
30-13t* E. F BENTON, Proprietor and Manager

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EICHBERG'S OPERA-HOUSE,
CHAMPAIGN, ILL. New hall, full sets of scenerics, gas, etc. Low rent. Good entertainments pay well. Address EICHBERG BROS., Champaign, Ill. 36-3t*

STOVER'S OPERA-HOUSE,
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Seating capacity, 600; stage, 20x40 feet, with scenery; frescoed in first-class style. Address
35-4t* M. W. STOVER, Proprietor.

MUSEUM, COLLEGES AND OTHERS can buy the finest and best arranged collection of birds, animals, wax figures, etc., in the United States. Living curiosities wanted. CHADWICK'S MUSEUM,
37-2t Wilmington, Delaware.

TO GYMNASTS.
C. H. HAWKINS, No. 118 E. 13th street, New York, maker of Gymnastic Apparatus, Leaping Bars and Boards, Horizontal Bars with steel centre, Magic Barrels, Magic Crosses, Tables, etc. Send stamp for circular. 37-13t*

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